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STONEWALL JACKSON.

THE great Duke of Wellington declared that the presence of Napoleon with his army was worth 40,000 men; and since the beginning of the century there is probably no officer of whom the same could be said until Stonewall Jackson appeared upon the field. It is not difficult to obtain the popular applause of an hour by some dashing exploit, however foolhardy. But when a soldier like General Robert Lee confesses that if he could have ordered events he would rather have directed the fatal bullet against himself than against his favourite lieutenant, the merits of that lieutenant must have been indeed remarkable. Opinions may differ as to the cause in which General Stonewall Jackson died, but this difference is only an additional reason for endeavouring to ascertain the real circumstances which gave the officer whose loss every Southerner deplores his singular ascendancy. And even the people on this side the Atlantic, who keep neutral between both parties, may learn a lesson which may stand them in good stead when the time of trial comes.

Since the breaking out of the civil war in America, there is nothing which proves more conclusively the capacity of Jefferson Davis, than the wisdom he has displayed in choosing his instruments. When the Confederate army first advanced to the banks of the Potomac, General Beauregard was in command. As he was an accomplished engineer, and the object at that time was to maintain an entrenched position, the meaning of the selection was obvious. But as soon as the army retreated towards Richmond, on the advance of McClellan from Fortress Monroe, Beauregard was replaced by Lee and Stonewall Jackson. And from that moment until the present it would be difficult to point out a single instance in which either the military plans of the Commander-in-Chief or their execution by Stonewall Jackson have practically failed. Having determined upon pursuing a policy of strict defence, they have rigidly adhered to it, but at the same time, whenever a blow could be struck, they have not failed to strike with all their might. It is not our purpose at present to discuss the general plan of the campaign in Virginia. The peculiar merits of Stonewall Jackson claim our attention.

Now in the first place it is abundantly clear that Jackson had his Division in a perfect state of discipline, and his officers in perfect subordination. It is said that when he filled the office of a Military Professor in one of the Southern States, he exercised the most singular power over the students. Whatever other qualities may be possessed by Southern lads, it will scarcely be said that subordination is one of their cardinal virtues. But the mere presence of Stonewall Jackson was sufficient to subdue them. He had

only to make his appearance in a room, and all was still. And the same power which he exerted as a Military Professor, he evidently exercised at the head of a division. But Jackson was more than a martinet. Like most great commanders, his men were passionately attached to him and were proud to endure any hardships to execute his commands. As the Duke said of his Peninsular veterans, "he could go anywhere and do anything with them." Ragged, foot-sore, and half-starved, Jackson's corps made the most surprising marches—would suddenly appear on the flank and rear of the enemy, and after destroying supplies and obtaining most valuable intelligence would return in safety to their original quarters. In short, he had enterprise. But perhaps his leading characteristic was extraordinary vigour guided by unerring prudence. Throughout Jackson's career it would be difficult to mention an instance in which any movements which he undertook failed. He seems to have known precisely what his men could accomplish. Undoubtedly he taxed his men to the utmost, but he never seems to have called upon them to do more than they were able. If a workman has only a certain quantity of material, his merit consists in making the most of it. The shipwright must know how to cut his timber, so that the smallest quantity will be required. And in like manner the ability of an officer may be measured by the proportion which the men employed bears to the exploit which he achieves. There are few commanders who have been more successful in this respect than Jackson. When he had resolved to strike a blow he approached with such secrecy and rapidity, that the enemy had scarcely time to prepare to meet his attack, and once on the field, he launched his troops against the opposing force with a concentrated violence which proved irresistible.

There are two different faculties required in war—the faculty to plan a movement and the faculty to execute it. The greatest commanders—such as Napoleon, Marlborough, and Wellington—possessed both. Of inferior men some possess one, some possess the other. During the late Crimean War there was no single officer in any of the three armies who showed his superiority in both respects. Amongst the Russians Gortschakoff enjoyed the reputation of being an admirable strategist, but in the field his combinations proved abortive. Todleben was an admirable engineer, but his powers were never tested except in that capacity. And if we look to the French or the English armies, it cannot be said that any officer appeared of great military capacity. Even in the times of Napoleon it would be difficult to name any man to be placed in the same category with Napoleon himself, and his rival Wellington. The Archduke Charles was a considerable strategist. Blucher was excellent in the field. Ney among the French, Picton, Crawford, and

Colborne among the English, could deliver an attack with the most crushing impetuosity and vigour; but they were all men to execute a movement, not to invent it. Probably the only modern soldier who combined both powers was Sir Charles Napier. The present contest in America is no exception to the ordinary rule. In the North there is no single officer who has displayed any genius in the field. M'Clellan and Halleck are certainly cautious and well educated officers. They can discuss a campaign on paper, but beyond this it must be admitted that they have failed. But in the South the case is very different. General Lee, and no doubt Jefferson Davis, have not only displayed the most consummate knowledge of the theory of war, but when they have been called upon to act they have done so with admirable skill and promptitude. Stonewall Jackson, however, has been the chief executive. He it is who has performed the most daring and brilliant exploits in Virginia, and it remains to be seen, now that he has perished, whether the vigour with which the Southern troops are handled will still continue as conspicuous as formerly.

There was, indeed one peculiarity possessed by Stonewall Jackson which it will be difficult to replace. Jackson was not simply a brave and skilful officer—he was inspired by a religious fanaticism. It is said, that the night before a battle was always spent by him upon his knees in fervent prayer. However strange it may appear to some, he really believed that the cause of the South was the cause of religion. A Puritan—a Crusader—call him what you will—it is abundantly clear that he fought under what he believed to be the highest sanction. Some of the Southern leaders are no doubt actuated by purely selfish views; but every man who served under Jackson knew that his motives were absolutely unselfish, and that his sole object in life was the independence of his country. No wonder that amongst the soldiers of the South his name should be great and his influence unrivalled. If ever there was a man who might have relied for success upon the enthusiasm he could inspire, that man was Stonewall Jackson. But yet he did not rely upon such heaven-born qualities. Like Wolfe, with whom he seems to have had much in common, he was thoroughly well-educated in his profession. Indeed, we have had occasion to remark that he was for some time a Professor at a Military College, and delivered lectures to the students on Military Science. This fact deserves attention. Throughout the present American war the officers who have distinguished themselves have all been educated soldiers. With the exception of General Banks no unprofessional soldier has had any success. Lee occupied one of the highest positions in the United States army before the Civil War broke out, and all his lieutenants—Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet, Johnstone, and Beauregard—were all graduates of West Point. Education cannot give any man ability; but experience seems to prove that in the military, as in other professions, genius is improved by culture. This is the lesson which many Englishmen are loth to learn.

M. PERSIGNY AND M. THIERS.

THE return of the old Parliamentary celebrities to the political arena has filled M. Persigny and one-half of the Emperor's devoted adherents with vague alarms. They do not think that it will be really possible to combine Imperialism with Liberal institutions. It is, indeed, a formidable problem for all parties whether M. Persigny is not correct in his view. During the desperate episode of the "Cent Jours," Napoleon I. promised France representative government under the Empire, but it is well known that he did so as a last bid for popular support. His biographers assure us that in this matter he was himself no victim to the hallucination with which he sought to dazzle the eyes of Paris, and they cautiously hint that the promise was only meant to be half kept. The present Emperor is what the first Emperor was not—a man of political enthusiasm, and an idealist. Like the first apostle of an invented faith, Napoleon III. perhaps is even more profoundly a believer than the original prophet himself. Meditation and seclusion have taught him to see mysteries and beauties where the founder of the Imperial creed seemed regardless of creating any; and it may be that among the other imaginary virtues which he ascribes to Imperialism, is a capacity for union with the purest liberty. His Minister of the Interior comes of an older, an equally devoted and

determined, but a less mystical school. He stands to his master as one of Cromwell's troopers may have stood to Cromwell. The new-fangled and romantic notions of fraternity with Legitimists and Orleanists alike, inspire him with unaffected dismay. He would have preferred hewing them in pieces, like Agag, before the Lord. This is at the bottom of the different treatment which M. Thiers, in particular, has received at the hands of the Emperor and of M. Persigny. Where the master wishes only to see a national and illustrious historian, the Minister discovers the cloven hoof of an Opposition candidate. Whatever may be thought by the Paris Opposition of M. Persigny's shrewdness—and most undoubtedly there may be two opinions upon the point—his good faith must be allowed on all sides to be above controversy. He is their honest and natural born enemy. To the cause of Imperialism he has given his life—he has risked something upon a successful venture, and he may be pardoned for distrusting the Emperor's generous notion of restoring arms to a disarmed foe.

The Second Empire is, however, more capable of liberal development than the First; and—what is equally important when we are considering the chances of the future—it has not exhausted the life-blood and the patience of France. Like a true émigré, M. Persigny, on returning to political life and power, does not know how secure and safe he is. The past seems so near and formidable that he hardly can bring himself to trust the present. As Minister of the Interior, he lives in the midst of rumours of plots and intrigues that have almost turned his brain. When he went back a year or two ago from England to take office, he was full of enthusiastic determinations to let France be as free as possible to choose between good and evil. But the vapour baths of Paris have undone the bracing effect of the English air baths. Responsibility has unnerved him, and he is afraid to let the demon of the Opposition loose. After mature observation of the habits of the animal, Van Amburgh declines to enter the lion's den. Closer inspection of the policy of the antagonists of the Empire has taught him, among other things, that the best Liberals are as true to their cause and as resolute as he has been for his. They are not the least overpowered by the maudlin generosity of the Tuilleries, and sentimental Imperialism is altogether thrown away upon them. Despite the Emperor's noble heart, M. Prévost-Paradol goes on day after day shooting little arrows into the Ministers, and making Paris laugh at their and their master's expense. The tighter the cord is drawn that pinions the French press, the cleverer the press becomes, and M. Persigny finds himself in the ridiculous position of a despot whose rule is tempered by epigrams. All that Napoleon III. contrives for the aggrandisement and glory of the country, and of his dynasty, produces no effect upon the inveterate *fargeurs* of the *Débats* and the *Courrier du Dimanche*. What pleases the adherents of the Empire so extremely is the very policy that displeases the other side. M. Persigny, surprised and indignant, feels that he can say with Voltaire—

"De nos arts, de nos lois, la beauté les offense."

Brought by his official position into contact with the most daring of the journalists of Paris,—a class that ever is, and ever must be, at war with the Empire,—his eyes are opened to the fact that a broad and fathomless abyss separates the Empire from the more restless of its opponents. He multiplies in his own mind the chances; he exaggerates the danger. In the rustle of the *feuilletons* of Paris he seems to hear the far-off thunder of innumerable *émeutes*. How bitter and how deadly, he says to himself, will be the conflict should these men—so ambitious, so vehement—succeed in pushing their way back to the tribunes from which we have been at such pains to expel them, and deliver their audacious philippics at the foot of the very throne itself! After a strong reign of coercion and of order, it seems to him madness to return to the feverish days of Reform banquets and of constitutional sedition. He knows—what, perhaps, the Emperor hardly knows—with what a silent phalanx of personal enemies the Elected of December is surrounded. He feels inclined at every step to repeat the warning of the Roman Imperialist:—

"Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about thee:

security makes way for conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee. Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS."

The Minister whose daily business it is to combat the aggressive tendencies of the French press, does not overrate the character or the intentions of those men of whose abortive efforts he is compelled to see so much in the routine of his ordinary tasks. No doubt they mean to be as mischievous as it is safe for them to be, though the inviolable oath they take will prevent them from directly inveighing against the Sovereign of France. But the calmer and wiser view of the Emperor seems to be that he can afford to give them rein. Putting aside the personal and minor question, whether the violence of M. Persigny's antagonism is not the very thing most calculated to secure the election of M. Thiers, who has judiciously abstained from replying to the Ministerial edict launched at him, it is more interesting to speculate what will be the consequence should men of the mark of Montalembert, Thiers, and Berryer again mix in the debates of the Corps Législatif. Is the Emperor right, who seems always to stand and survey himself, his dynasty, and his own Empire, with an air of abstracted and impassive thought—or M. Persigny, who is so anxious and agitated about the stir of every leaf? Theoretically, no doubt, absolutism and representative institutions do not go well together, any more than oil will mix with water. There is a limit beyond which it would be perilous to liberalize the Empire. But within that limit we are inclined to think that M. Persigny's fears are extravagant. There are two or three serious reasons for a contrary view. In the first place, it must be observed that the knot of political notables who have recently agreed to re-enter public life are at variance among themselves, except upon the single point of antipathy to the Empire. They are all prepared to unite in condemning the present, but each appeals proudly to a different portion of the past, with the exception indeed of one or two, who repudiate all connection with the past, and have only Utopian dreams about the future. Upon all matters of foreign policy, and indeed upon many matters of administrative detail, they are in discord. They can combine to demand increased freedom for the press, which they will not get; to show up the administrative abuses of an excessive centralization, which may be reformed; and to criticize the expenditure of the Government, a task in which they will have the Minister of Finance upon their side. On the subjects of more exciting and absorbing interest to France,—the reconstitution of the Continent, the revival of nationalities, the English alliance, the Eastern question, Poland, Russia, Turkey, Germany, Austria, Italy and the Papacy, and the Gallican Church itself,—they will have no common policy to substitute for that which perhaps they may be able individually to censure. Unless they are cool-headed and far-sighted—which an eager Opposition, however able, seldom is—they will fall into the mistake of attacking the Emperor on points where the sympathies of France are with him, and where the secret instincts of some among themselves are or ought to be with him too. This is precisely what some of the ablest French politicians did in 1859 and 1860. Jealousy of the Empire and a reluctance to see Catholicism in France injured,—which seemed to them to be the last powerful influence still capable of holding the balance against Imperialism,—led men like M. Guizot, M. Villemain, M. Cousin, and M. Lamartine, actually to support with vehemence the cause of Italian reaction. The effect produced upon outsiders, both in France and Europe, was immense. People began to believe that nothing could be done with the partisans of the old systems; that they were *des hommes impossibles*. This is probably the kind of impression that the Emperor thinks they will produce by their speeches in the Corps Législatif. M. Montalembert will declaim piously and poetically about the outrages daily perpetrated upon the Holy Father. The more consistent Liberals who refuse to accompany M. Montalembert on this pious pilgrimage to Rome, will consult their consciences at the expense of dividing their party against itself. M. Jules Favre will denounce the intrigues of the Catholic party and of M. Montalembert's friends; but in so doing he will weaken the effect, not merely of M. Montalembert's future philippics, but his own. All will have their own theories to propound, and the past policy of their respective parties to defend. The sight of so motley, so brilliant, and so varicoloured a group will produce upon the eyes of France the bewildering effect of a kaleidoscope. With subtle ingenuity the Em-

peror will be able summarily to mass all his opponents together, and to turn and ask democratic France, will she have himself to rule over her, or these?

In the second place, while, for reasons which we discussed last week, the Empire is increasing its hold on the democratic classes of the nation, the soberer part of France is weary of the restlessness and incertitude of continual political change. It is not merely that they fear the Red Republic, they are equally afraid of any relapse into an unsettled state of things. If Orleansism returned to-morrow, political agitation would return with it, and in its train would follow the old revolutionary intrigues, the old conspiracies, and the old discontent. Looking on these things from the point of view of impartial political philosophers who have faith in the ultimate progress of humanity and the ultimate triumph of liberty, we may say that it is better France should go through the ordeal of trouble and tumult, than settle down inactively under a strong autocracy. But it would be too much to expect of the merchants and shopkeepers of France to survey things in this philosophical light, or whenever there was a barricade fight in the next street, to comfort themselves with the reflection that the world was getting on. The distinguished Frenchman who said the other day that he for one was not desirous of leading France into another Revolution, knew perfectly that the masses in France, who are on the side of the Emperor, are far less of political sceptics than the class above them, which cares more for quiet than for ideas or systems, or even the march of civilization. The Empire, therefore, will be strong unless it runs counter to some national instinct, which is the one fault that it is not likely to commit. Orleansism and the First Empire have each a lesson for the Emperor, which he is not the man to neglect. The history of the first teaches him to consult French vanity, the history of the second not to defy united Europe. It really seems as if he were firmly seated so long as he observes these wholesome maxims.

RELIEF WORKS FOR THE LANCASHIRE PEOPLE.

MR. RAWLINSON, the gentleman appointed by Mr. Villiers to ascertain what public works could be undertaken in Lancashire and Cheshire for the sake of furnishing employment for the able-bodied males among the factory hands, has made his Report. In company with Mr. Farnall, the resident Poor Law Commissioner, he has visited several of the towns concerned, and reports of most of them, that there are works of more or less public need or usefulness that might be undertaken, that the municipalities generally have unexhausted borrowing powers under general or Local Acts, and that as a rule he found them quite willing to exercise those powers for the purpose in view. So far, and looking at the matter cursorily and from the outside, the prospect seems encouraging. There are still several other places to be visited and reported on, where it is probable that neither the openings for labour nor the disposition of the authorities may be quite so favourable. But the real difficulties which it is to be feared will stand in the way of a realization of the scheme on any considerable scale, and which will interfere with the results anticipated from it, will not be generally discovered till the theory is about to be reduced to practice, or till the details of each separate undertaking begin to be worked out. Now, we are anxious to avoid any representations which might look like throwing cold water on a project which has been suggested with the best intentions, from which much good is hoped, and in competition with which no one seems to have any rival scheme to propose. But we are still more desirous that neither the public nor the Government shall delude itself with the notion that a satisfactory remedy has been devised. Should it hereafter fail or be abandoned, its failure or abandonment ought not to be unfairly attributed either to the reluctance or the clumsiness—the mismanagement or the half-heartedness of the manufacturers or the municipal authorities, if it be really true that these results are inherent in the scheme itself, and may to a considerable degree be foreseen. We think we may state pretty confidently that both the capitalists and the local authorities were inclined at first to welcome the device, to look sanguinely upon it, and even to put down whatever misgivings might present themselves to their minds—so anxious were they not only to employ the population, but to avoid the imputations of

selfishness and indifference which too many are ever prone to cast upon them. The doubts that now occur to their minds, and the obstacles that rise up, are due simply to the progressive attempt to put the scheme in operation—to follow up the architects' first rude sketch, with what builders term the "working plans."

The basis of the whole proposal is, that the various parishes and municipalities shall borrow money—probably from Government, and at a low rate of interest—to be used in making parks, cemeteries, water-works, sewerage, main drainage and paving, or in such other undertakings as may be wanted or may be deemed useful; and that the work thus inaugurated shall be performed by the now unemployed men and boys who usually are engaged in factory labour. That is to say, the several localities are to incur a debt bearing interest, and repayable within a fixed term of years, for the sake of finding occupation for those, and distributing wages among those, whom they are now supporting in idleness, in order to prevent the demoralisation attendant upon the want of employment, and the subsistence on alms or poor-rates.

Now, in preparing to carry out this scheme, the first, but the most trifling, difficulty that has come to light is, that in many places where the relief is most needed, there are no local authorities with borrowing powers—scarcely any local authorities at all. This is the case chiefly in the smaller towns and in the more scattered and straggling unions. These have often no municipality; they are not under the Board of Health; there is no specific reason why they should be put under it; and they have a rooted objection to come under its provisions. Yet their drainage is not practically bad; they have a good supply of water; and they want no parks, for the fields and moors around them and within easy reach are parks ready made by nature, and involve no expense. In these cases, the scheme could only be worked out, we understand, by persuading all, or nearly all, the individual rate-payers—many of them small and poor—to involve themselves in debt, and to consent to expenditure for objects of which they do not in the least feel the want, and the indirect moral operation of which they cannot readily be brought at all to comprehend, far less to appreciate at its full value. They are willing to pay whatever rates are necessary to feed the unemployed, partly because they *must* do this, and partly because they can calculate exactly what it will cost; but those who know them well are of opinion that stronger and subtler powers of persuasion than any that have yet been brought to bear upon them, will be needed to induce them to incur unknown and indefinite obligations, of which neither the necessity nor the benefit can be made very clear to them. They know, moreover, and do not hesitate to say, that men who are not at work can be maintained in health and comfort on a much smaller sum, than men whose appetites are stimulated and whose strength is exhausted by regular and severe labour. One hundred pounds in the former case will go further than one hundred and twenty in the latter.

This difficulty may be said to arise from the want of liberal feelings and enlarged views among the mass of rate-payers, as well as from want of organization; but it is not the less serious on that account. The next difficulty that has begun to crop out is traceable partly to a sense of justice, and partly to natural though not laudable jealousy. Some boroughs with competent municipalities and with ample borrowing powers, and with local wants, which the projected undertakings might supply, form part of unions embracing country parishes with different interests, with no corresponding needs, and with different constituent elements, but also with a large unemployed population. Take the case of Ashton, for example. The borough would be willing enough to set on foot water-works, or paving, or possibly a park, and to borrow money to employ *its own* factory hands in carrying out these projects. But the outlying townships, which stretch far into the country, would not benefit by these borough jobs, would not use the park, would have no concern with the paving, would not be supplied by the water-works, and would consequently not be willing to contribute to the cost, or to bear any portion of the debt incurred; nor is it clear how they could be fairly called upon to do so. But, on the other hand, the borough inhabitants naturally say, "As we undertake this plan and this expenditure to save our own rates and to benefit our own poor, we shall confine the work to those belonging to the town alone, and no one from the other parishes in the union shall share the employ-

ment, if those parishes will not join in the outlay. We are not prepared to involve ourselves in debt to relieve other rate-payers." Yet practically it is found that both the expenses and the population of the several parts of the union are so mixed up together, that it would be impossible really to do strict justice in this matter, whatever course was adopted. Either the country townships must help to pay for works they do not want and cannot profit by, or must receive relief and incidental benefit from outlay to which they have refused their share. We have instanced Ashton as an example; but we by no means wish to intimate that it is a single or a special case, or that the rate-payers of that union or borough are one whit more jealous or hair-splitting than elsewhere. The difficulty is a natural one, and cannot be scolded or reproached out of existence.

But the third difficulty is by far the gravest, the most general, and apparently the most insuperable. It may be stated thus:—It is proposed to borrow money to employ the people; but practically it will be necessary to borrow twice or three times as much as will be spent in employing them. If you borrow or spend £1,000 to *feed* the operatives, the whole sum goes to feed them. If you borrow or spend £1,000 to *employ* them, not £500 of this goes in the wages of labour earned by them; the rest is necessarily spent in *materials*, in land, in superintendence, in accessories. To distribute £1,000 in wages, therefore, you must incur an outlay and burden your parish with a debt of at least £2,000. Thus:—If you set them to work in a factory, for the operatives to earn £1,000, the master must spend £2,000 more in cotton, in coal, in oil, &c. Oldham (say) proposes to employ the able-bodied men in laying out a park: the purchase-money of the land is £30,000; the wages spent in constructing the walks, the grass, the fences, the drains, &c., cannot at the utmost exceed £5,000. Again: Stockport resolves to pull up all its poor old pavements and repave with square stones; but Stockport finds that only the pulling up can be done by factory hands; that trained paviours must do the laying down; and that the hewn stones must be brought at great cost from Derbyshire or Wales. Bolton undertakes water-works, and Wigan (we will say) main-drainage; but both immediately find that one-half the outlay in each case must be spent on materials, and a good deal on professional and skilled labour and supervision, leaving perhaps only £1,000 out of £2,500 to go into the pockets of the poor factory hands, for whose benefit the whole was intended. Naturally enough, as this fact comes to the surface everywhere, people begin to ask themselves, "Why should we incur two or three times the debt and the expense necessary for attaining our object? We can *support* the people for a whole year on a sum which will only *employ* them for four or five months."

The answer of course is: "The object in view is not now to feed the operatives, but to avoid demoralising them and pauperising them—to find them occupation as well as sustenance—to give them wages instead of alms. Work will keep them out of mischief. Wages will restore their self-respect and their industrious habits. Maintenance, doled out to them in charity, is fast undermining all the best parts of their character." Very true: two questions, therefore, present themselves for consideration—viz., Can you ask, or can you expect, ratepayers and municipal bodies, as a whole, to spend £2,000 or £2,500 to attain the same end in a more wholesome and morally serviceable a method? And is it so certain that the wages distributed for the work proposed will be much less demoralising than the relief now gratuitously given? And if it be, in what way and by what contrivance can the difficulties we have enumerated be surmounted? To these points we will address ourselves next week. Meanwhile, we leave the above suggestions to the reflection of our readers.

MR. ROEBUCK'S RECOGNITION OF THE SOUTH.

MMR. ROEBUCK has taken advantage of the Whitsun-tide recess to give his constituents at Sheffield an elaborate exposition of his opinions in regard to the American struggle, and to the policy which this country ought to pursue. His speech contrasted favourably with that which he recently delivered in the House of Commons. In this respect, indeed, he seems to proceed by the rule of contraries—"rampaging about," as Mrs. Gamp would say, in the deliberative assembly, and reserving argument and

Jan 20. 1863. When Mr. Gamp is to be placed in your own division
you say—oh. Well. You appear to have the right to choose for themselves.

facts for the tumultuous gathering in Paradise-square. However, we will not dispute with the honourable Member on points of tact and taste. TEAR'EM is a dog who will bark and bite in his own way at his own time. On this occasion he chose to do both in a reasonable and reasoning manner. It is, therefore, worth while to observe what was the view of this question which he presented successfully to an immense out-door meeting, which had been convened by the mayor of the borough, not to back up any particular side, but with the express object of discussion. A body of this kind possesses, at any rate, something of the representative character, which was vainly claimed for the trades-unionists who collected in St. James's Hall to say ditto to Mr. Bright. The sentiments which it affirms will in all probability be those of most Englishmen who approach the matter without any foregone conclusions to maintain or any pet theories to protect. So far as we can judge, such an inference would, in this case, be sound. The rabid partisans of the North allege that a large body of their fellow-countrymen hungered and thirsted for the downfall of the United States, and hailed with pleasure the earliest symptoms of disruption. But we believe that there were very few, even of the higher and educated classes, who did not share the regret which Mr. Roebuck avows, at the first news of a secession, for which they could see no sufficient grounds either of principle or expediency. With him they were sorry to see an experiment, once of great promise for the welfare of mankind, brought to an abrupt and untimely close. They had no such inveterate love of wars, and international difficulties, and standing armies, as to look with disfavour—although they might look with doubt—upon any project for banishing these evils from the western hemisphere. But on the other hand, there was a general impression that if the Americans, with all the advantages of which they boast,—with social equality and political liberty,—with no hampering remnants of the "feudalism" about which we hear so much in Birmingham orations,—with a boundless territory and unlimited resources,—could not live in peace and harmony under one Government, it was better to fall back upon two, or half a dozen, than to seek the questionable end of an all-embracing empire by the certain means of a bloody civil conflict. Although it was proved to us with superfluous redundancy of demonstration that the Federal constitution had not contemplated its own destruction or formally consecrated rebellion, most men, like the member for Sheffield, felt their gorge rise at hearing from the descendants of our revolted colonists the language of imperious sovereignty,—at denunciations of the infinite wickedness of secession from those whose national existence was founded upon a solemn declaration of the right of every people to choose its own government. Still, before giving our sympathies either to one side or the other, we waited to see whether the South was really unanimous and in earnest. When, however, we found that 8,000,000 of people, occupying a territory larger than Europe, had determined to establish and maintain their independence at the cost of every exertion and of every sacrifice, we could not resist the conviction that we had before us no mere rebellion, but a new nation; and that to stamp and crush out its nationality by armed force was consistent neither with justice, humanity, nor the highest interests of the world. The bias of our feeling was still further inclined in favour of the South by the mode in which their antagonists made war; by the early disappearance of liberty in the North; and by the odiously hypocritical manner in which the Federals dealt with the question of Slavery. To those who knew, as Mr. Roebuck puts it, that "the black man in New York is treated as we would not treat a dog," the cant of an oleaginous philanthropy was but a poor cloak for a blind and selfish lust of empire. In spite of an organized agitation, Englishmen saw through the emancipation proclamation of Mr. Lincoln. They felt that "it was not an honest movement," in virtue of which the President "freed the slaves in the Seceded States, but maintained slavery wherever his power extended;" nor were they deceived by his prudish affectation of regard for a Constitution which he had broken whenever it suited his purpose. If, indeed, there had been reason to think that the conquest of the South would benefit the negro, we might have recognised the rowdies of New York and the politicians of Washington as the unconscious and unworthy instruments of a providential design. But we knew that what these men sought was not so much emancipation as deportation. The upshot of Mr. Lincoln's plans is correctly enough described in the

speech before us, as the "cool" advice—"Take yourselves off." Upon the whole, we thought the black had a better prospect in the gradual improvement of his condition, which must take place if the territory on which he is held to slavery is bounded by another into which he can escape without fear of fugitive slave laws, than he would have, if suddenly bereft of that guidance from a superior race to which he is accustomed, and sent by his Northern friends to colonize some distant and inhospitable swamp or jungle.

Such were, in effect, the grounds upon which Mr. Roebuck justified his wish for the success of the Confederate cause. By their reception of his sentiments, the Sheffield meeting showed clearly enough that these considerations weigh not only with the despised "governing" and "literary" cliques, but with those industrial classes who are supposed by Mr. Bright and his friends to possess a special aptitude for politics in virtue of knowing little about them and giving no sustained attention to their study. Neither member nor constituents confined themselves, however, to the expression of a predilection. They had met to consider a practical question; and they took action upon it by passing, with an overwhelming majority, a resolution urging her Majesty's Ministers to take steps in concert "with the great Powers of Europe for the acknowledgment by them of the independence of the Confederate States of America." We are not surprised at this significant intimation of the tendency of public opinion. It is quite natural that people should grow tired of our affecting to doubt, as a nation, what nearly every one is convinced of individually. Those who find a strange and morbid pleasure in demonstrating that English policy is always wrong and selfish, feel no indignation at the abuse which is constantly heaped upon us by the Northern press, and the persevering misinterpretation to which our neutrality is subjected. But the country has little sympathy with a school of politicians who would be cosmopolitan—if they could only surmount a rooted antipathy to their native land. The desire to retort in the most biting manner upon our detractors and ill-wishers is not only wide-spread, but appears to us as pardonable as any patriotic impulse can be, when it runs counter to the paramount interests of the Federal union. It is, doubtless, the sign of a dark and benighted mind to feel impatience at the indefinite prolongation of a blockade which dooms our principal industry to a lingering agony, but after-all Englishmen will be Englishmen; and at present the natural man is too strong within them to permit any extensive conversion to the higher faith preached by the Union and Emancipation Society.

Nevertheless, while we respect the motives and even the resentment of the men of Sheffield, we cannot concur in their resolution. However hopeless we may deem the attempt to subjugate the South, it has scarcely been protracted long enough to warrant us in declaring its definitive failure. Nor is that all. There is no doubt that, in the popular mind, recognition is regarded as only preliminary to raising the blockade. Even if this step were acquiesced in by the North, such an interference with belligerent rights would, on grounds of international law, be quite unjustifiable at this stage of the contest. But we are not at all convinced that it would be received in the manner which Mr. Roebuck seems to anticipate. Although there are mutterings of discontent in more than one of the Federal states, we cannot feel any assurance that the war fever has yet spent itself. Everyone admits that it would be imprudent to risk a conflict for the sake of obtaining a supply of cotton. Under these circumstances, the greatest caution is required in taking any measure which may be received either here or elsewhere as immediately heralding one of far higher importance, but of incalculably more doubtful propriety. The difficulty of approaching separately the limited question of recognition will indeed be greatly increased if the Government are subjected to the pressure of meetings like that to which we are referring. They tend to mix up two things which have no natural connection; and to impress upon any diplomatic action a character which does not necessarily belong to it. Public demonstrations may be useful when the principle on which the Government are conducting any part of our foreign policy is disputed or doubtful. But the nation is practically unanimous in approving the line of conduct which Lord Palmerston has hitherto pursued in regard to America; and that being so, the recognition of the Confederate States is just one of those questions of time, and opportunity, and manner, which are

best left to the discretion of the responsible Minister. We do not, however, think that it is a measure which can be indefinitely postponed until it may please the Federals to abandon a useless civil war. Under ordinary circumstances, such a course might be convenient; and it has accordingly been adopted on several occasions, of which we have all heard quite enough. But it is not imposed upon us by international law; and it is idle to lay down any fixed rule on a matter which is one merely of policy and prudence. In dealing with it, we cannot leave out of sight the practical disadvantages under which we suffer from possessing no means of protecting British interests when they are threatened or injured by the Confederate Government or its officers. When a country makes its independence and power felt by a navy which sweeps the ocean, other nations cannot, for their own sake, long neglect to take the regular measures for securing its observance of their rights. Delicacy towards the empire from which it has seceded must give way to more imperative considerations. In the face of their own authorities, it is impossible even for the Federal statesmen to contend that the reception of Mr. Mason as Confederate Minister in London, or the despatch of an English Minister to Richmond, would constitute any breach of neutrality on our part. These steps might and no doubt would give indirect encouragement to the revolted States; but we cannot, on that account, be asked to refrain from taking them in a *bona fide* regard for our own interests. Many recent events, amongst which we may mention the burning by Captain Semmes of English cargoes on board Federal vessels, prove clearly that our admission of belligerent rights on the part of the South must, ere long, draw after it that diplomatic recognition which is requisite for enabling us to confine their exercise within the bounds prescribed by international law.

A fraud in which

All goes to the Irish Church.

THE House of Commons has been invited to consider the arguments for and against maintaining *in statu quo* the Irish branch of the United Church of England and Ireland. Mr. Dillwyn's motion, indeed, has rather an ugly look of spoliation; while from Mr. Seymour's amendment, if carried, we should expect a re-distribution of the existing revenues, though without appropriation to any but Protestant and Church of England purposes. We have carefully studied the arguments in favour of Mr. Dillwyn's views which were brought forward both by the speakers of last week, and by those who on former occasions have advocated the spoliation of the Church—and we consider that they are all so far wide of the mark that they do not touch the question which is really at issue. That question is not, whether, in this year of 1863, we shall proceed to set up such an institution as the Irish branch of the United Church, but whether, finding that Church in existence, with revenues legally granted and secured to it for certain clearly defined purposes, we shall seize upon those revenues, and appropriate them to purposes of another character. Any arguments which do not touch this latter point we dismiss as worthless, as it alone is before the country.

We are, of course, entirely prepared to admit that it would be impossible to set up such an institution as the Irish branch of the United Church at the present moment; also, that endowments cannot be intended for the clergy only, or for clergymen who waste their time and do nothing in return for them. Reformation is one thing, spoliation is another. If it is a question of spoliation, we are prepared, without hesitation, to answer the question of the spoliation of the present revenues in the negative. We shall detail presently the arguments by which we think the retention of those revenues may be justified. But it will be well, before we touch upon that point, to glance at the results which might certainly be expected to follow, if a rough hand were stretched out for their spoliation. We believe, then, that the spoliation of the Irish branch of the Church would be a clear and unmistakable blow at the other branch of the United Church, *viz.*, that which is established in this country. Secondly, it would establish the vicious precedent that great principles are to be decided by mere numerical majorities. Thirdly, to disturb the undoubted property of the Church would be, as was clearly shown by the late Sir James Graham, to disturb the foundations of property of every kind. It would establish the claim of Parliament

to distribute the Irish property of Lord Palmerston, or any other absentee landlord, among those who work on the estates, or breathe the air of heaven which rests upon a given district. Next, it would disconnect the Government of Ireland from any religious communion, and would reduce it to a mere worldly, Godless system, without a faith. It would thus compel it, if by some extraordinary fit of fanaticism the Irish people should choose to rush headlong into Mohammedanism or idolatry, again to redistribute the endowments, to take them from the Roman Catholics, to whom Mr. Dillwyn would now give them, and apply them for the maintenance of that which happened for the moment to be the prevailing religion of the day. Again, to despoil the Irish Church of its revenues would be to destroy the protest of our State system against what that State system now holds, *quoad* its connection with the Church, to be erroneous in matters of doctrine. And once more: the spoliation proposed by Mr. Dillwyn would infallibly leave the Protestant faith to be overrun and overruled by a ruthless and fanatical priesthood, against whose furious onslaughts and criminal indifference to the deadliest wrongs such prints as the *Times* newspaper are frequently uttering a protest. The Church of Rome has a tremendous organization, which makes itself felt not only in Ireland, but throughout Europe. The Protestant Church has nothing but its present parochial system to set in array against it. It would be mere folly to believe that men professing a religion of peace and order could, when deprived of official sanction, sustain the reckless onslaughts of a religion which is no stranger to the exercise of persecution, which can still preach and practise utter disloyalty to the Crown, and which, to use the very mildest possible terms, does not exert its known and irresistible power to put down armed fanaticism or to stay the bullet of the murderous and cowardly assassin.

These are what may be called the negative arguments in favour of retaining the Irish branch of the United Church in its integrity. But we feel that the question is capable of being put on still higher ground than this. Those who think with Mr. Dillwyn, wish to ignore the historical and positive view of the question altogether. They would argue the case as though the Irish branch of the Church had no history at all, and as if it were now proposed, for the first time, to march into Ireland, and, in spite of popular feeling on both sides the Irish Channel, to set up a Protestant Church in the ascendancy. But the Irish branch of the Church *has* a history, and its defenders may justly claim that it shall be heard. When examined, the facts stand simply thus, that the Church upholds the ancient, pure, and Catholic faith which was professed in Ireland centuries before the corruptions of Rome laid hold upon that faith. Farther, that, for political purposes no doubt, but still very really, Henry VIII. broke off from the Pope, and severed the Church from his control; that Elizabeth, with the aid and sanction of such men as Burleigh, Bacon, and Davis, deliberately connected the State with the Church of England in Ireland, and not with the Church of Rome, which was the Church of the majority. The State had a perfect right in those days, as well as in these, to choose the Ecclesiastical system to which it would ally itself; and these great men deliberately selected the English Church instead of the Romish, as that which their sagacity and observation showed them would be the more likely to uphold order and encourage liberty. Farther, this choice of the Government was accepted with no less deliberation by the then representatives of the Irish branch of the Church. With the exception of one single individual, who left the country and never again performed any Episcopalian functions, the whole bench of bishops assented to the change which was then made, adopted the principles of the Reformation, signed documents by which they testified their adoption of the change, took the required oaths, and sat in Parliament. Farther, in the time of James I. large grants were made in Ireland to the Church, expressly for the purpose of maintaining the Protestant faith. It was still the Church of the minority, but the grants were made to it that it might, nevertheless, the more firmly root itself in the country. We profess ourselves unable to see, on what principle of justice, on what ground of law and right, Mr. Dillwyn can now step in and say, we will alienate these revenues from the descendants of those men. True, they are upholding the principles for the support of which those endowments were given, but we choose to hand over the endowment to individuals who are maintaining opinions which the endowments were given expressly

Mr. Dillwyn's proposal to the Irish Protestant church - the whole in favor of law and order - which they mean to make a law in favor of

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to root out. Space forbids us to do more than touch upon the question of the support which the Irish branch of the Church has given to the British connexion with Ireland. If that support be *nil*, why then has Rome and her allies, France and Spain, so repeatedly interfered in Irish affairs? The enemies of this country have clearly seen that if they could root out the Irish Church from Ireland, they would immediately weaken our hold upon the country, and would erect it into an effective engine for our hurt. The real object of many a hostile movement has been to annihilate the reformed faith, and with it to exterminate British power in Ireland. The reformed faith once destroyed, it was supposed that Ireland might be wrested from Great Britain and handed over to the domination of some foreign Power. We are clearly of opinion that we had better maintain the Irish Church in its integrity, if we desire to preserve the independence of the State from the interference of a ruthless and disloyal Power, if we wish to maintain freedom and to uphold the truth.

The questions that yet remain to be discussed are very numerous. How has the Irish Church carried out her principles? How far may we hope that in the future she will carry them out? In looking at the past, we must not forget the tremendous difficulties against which she has had to contend, arising partly from the fact that for two centuries she was used by the Government as a mere political engine, and was supported by a code alike detestable in itself and contrary to the spirit of Christianity—partly from the fact, that her opponents have been perfectly unscrupulous as to the weapons which they have brought to bear against her. In looking to the future, we see very many difficulties with which the Irish branch of our Church will have to contend in the development of her principles. Not the least difficult of the problems she has to solve, is, *in what way* she shall best exercise her influence for the spread of Protestantism. It is plain, we suppose, that it cannot be done, as things now stand, by any very aggressive movement of the Church as a body. Much, however, may be done by the encouragement of more irregular movements. But we must content ourselves with the expression of our hope that the object contemplated by Mr. Seymour's amendment will be practically accomplished by the efforts of each individual holder of Irish endowments to redistribute his annual revenues by the promotion of education, and therefore of enlightenment among the surrounding population.

THE CITY ELECTION.

WE trust that the Liberals of London during the next few days will make the return of the candidate who has been put forward on their behalf an absolute certainty. Mr. Goschen is a young man, as far as Members of Parliament go, but for all practical purposes he is in the prime of life. Nor has he been thought too young to be a Director of the Bank of England, and the mainstay of a most important commercial house. To say that he is too young for the House is therefore simply equivalent to asserting that the vigour of manhood is a disqualification for a public career. Those who know him best assert with confidence that he is a man of distinguished ability, and this once granted, the fact that he is not known to the public who stand beyond the limits of the City is by no means against him. The Registration Society was only too likely to have made a far worse choice and yet chosen a more conspicuous person. It is not often that a man of thorough business habits possesses the rare advantages of high intellectual cultivation combined with undoubted powers of speech. The early career of Mr. Goschen has been one of great promise, and, indeed, of some performance. University success is not always an earpest of success in life; yet it is something in his favour that, had he entered any of the learned professions, his contemporaries would have predicted for him the highest possible success. Unlike many other ripe scholars, however, he had deserted books for business, and already achieved sufficient reputation in that line for the Governor of the Bank of England, on Wednesday last, to describe a work upon Exchanges, written by him, as the cleverest book yet written upon the subject of money. The House of Commons is a fastidious audience, and is not the less likely to listen favourably to the member for the metropolis of England because, in addition to commercial talent of the first order, he is a cultivated scholar, and has shown promise of becoming an effective speaker.

The Liberal party seems to us to need men of this sort; and it will be a feather in the cap of so enormous and important a constituency as the City, to have had the courage boldly to send to Parliament a man whose chief recommendations are his genius and his industry. For a long time, the education and the cultivation of the Liberal cause has been indifferently represented by the Whigs. The Whigs seem now, at last, to be dying out, without transmitting their mantles to any powerful and complete phalanx of disciples. For some years back it has been the careful design of a certain class of politicians to widen the unnatural breach that was springing up between Liberal opinions and intellectual refinement. To the honour of the late Sir Cornewall Lewis and his colleague, Mr. Gladstone, it will ever be remembered that they have shown, by two distinguished instances, how Liberalism and education may rightly go hand in hand. It cannot be doubted but that, if Mr. Gladstone will correct some of his splendid infirmities of mind, his will be the task, when the present waning candle of Whiggism has expired, to reconcile the educated classes to the cause of progress and enlightenment. It will do Oxford no harm to be brought nearer to Manchester, and will do Manchester a great deal of good to be brought nearer to Oxford. When the reign of Lord Palmerston is over, and the Conservative reaction has enjoyed its brief and fitful flicker, it is probable that it will be for the member for the most fastidious of our Universities to build a compact and shining edifice of Liberalism upon the ruins of old parties. In no way can the cause of Liberalism be better furthered than by sending to Parliament men who are likely to assist in such a work.

OPERATION OF A TRUSTEE COMPANY.

THERE is no more curious matter of study in the history of law, than the variety of devices which have been resorted to with a view of perpetuating a family and an estate. What individuals have so anxiously desired to effect, public policy, represented by the law, has always set itself to disappoint, and out of the struggle has risen up in England that huge mass of fiction and formality which constitutes the basis of the Law of Trusts. At last the matters in dispute have settled down into the compromise, tolerably well known as the general rule, that one may secure an estate for an existing life and twenty-one years more, but for no longer time. Nature, however, is often less liberal than law. Though one may create a trust to endure for such a fixed period, one cannot endow a trustee with vitality co-extensive with his duties. So when he dies, his functions must devolve on some one else; perhaps his heirs or executors, as the case may be; perhaps some one selected by the surviving trustees; perhaps one appointed by the Court of Chancery. Also, in pity to trustees, Parliament some twenty years ago passed a "Trustee Relief Act," in virtue of which any body of trustees, or a majority of them, may if they think fit pay the funds into the Court of Chancery, which then, without any option on the part of the settlor, holds them and deals with them as his sole trustee. Thus the confidence vested in one chosen friend of the settlor comes to be transferred in his name to somebody else whom he never knew or heard of, or vested in a Court of which he perhaps entertained the strongest horror. Moreover, the transfer to a new trustee is attended with very considerable expense—with many legal documents—possibly with much argument before the Court. So, too, if you appoint an executor to fulfil your last wishes in your will, and he dies before they are fulfilled, the duty will devolve on his executor—as to whose character you are of course in blankest ignorance, or on some one else to be appointed by a Court.

But a Corporation is immortal. Were this Trustee Company in existence, you might calculate on its continued existence so long as you required its help. There would be no expense of transfer from a dead to a living trustee—no application to courts to find a new trustee or executor for you. True, the individual directors whom you placed confidence in might be dead. But their place would be filled up by men having the closest attainable resemblance to them that could be secured, since they would be selected by the same body with a view to the most perfect performance of the same duties as those which their predecessors undertook. Here is one material advantage which a company must always have over an individual in performing the functions of trustee or executor.

Next, but not less than this, would be its inaccessibility to motives of partiality or interest. As no one would ever make the company his residuary legatee, it could have no private interest in pursuing one course of administration rather than another. Neither would it be open to be affected by the solicitations of parties taking benefit under the deed, who very frequently by personal influence are able to persuade individual trustees to commit a breach of trust, by departing from the precise injunctions of the deed under which they act.

Another important advantage offered by a company would be its capacity to act as a sort of authoritative exponent of the law, without the expense of a decision by a Court. Comprising, as its directors would, many practical lawyers, and being wholly unbiased in favour of either side, their interpretation of an obscure or difficult deed would often be accepted by all parties as final, and their exposition of an easy deed would be invaluable to such persons as taking an interest under it are yet unable, without professional help, to ascertain the real extent of their rights. In this way it would save a great deal of expense which is now borne not out of the trust estate, but out of the pockets of the individual claimants upon it. And in this further way it would, we fear, diminish the emoluments now annually divisible among the legal profession.

Other advantages peculiar to a company might be enumerated, but these perhaps are enough. It must, however, be steadily kept in view that all these are subordinate to, and flow out of, the great and fundamental benefit which such an establishment is calculated to confer. This will in effect be a Trustee and Executor Bank, a bank holding funds and estates in deposit until the time fixed by the deed of deposit for distributing them, and in the meantime taking the management, and offering its own capital as security for the property; differing, however, from ordinary banks in this respect, that it will exercise no option in investing the funds save such as the depositors authorize, and will draw its profits only in the form of a commission and not in any shape from speculation. This is an institution obviously combining convenience with security, the most important conditions which any system of trusts can offer. And when we add to these that the bank, in the application of any of the funds as to which a discretion attaches, may be required to act only on the order of a guardian, or of an easily accessible officer of the Court of Chancery, we have completed the general theory of a scheme, which seems to present incalculable and unexpired for advantages to a very great number of those who are now driven perforce to claim from private friendship a hard service, and to repose in individual solvency a perilous confidence.

For the benefit, however, of those who like to see an outline of the general *modus operandi* of any new institution before pronouncing in its favour, let us try to sketch what would be the general course of operations of such an establishment. Like banks and insurance companies, it would have its board of directors, elected by the shareholders as the most capable and the most calculated to inspire public confidence whom they can find. It would have its secretary, who would probably be a lawyer, its surveyor, and a sufficient staff of clerks. On a deed or will being transmitted to it, nominating it trustee or executor, the document would be brought before the next meeting of the board, with a brief statement of its general purport and peculiarities drawn up by the Secretary. The Board, if no reason to the contrary or occasion for further inquiries appeared, would accept it. The Secretary would then communicate with the parties in possession of the funds, would have the proper transfers made into the name of the company, would collect outstanding debts, pay expenses, and distribute any sums which might be immediately divisible. If the trust were for investment, and a choice of several investments were allowed by the deed, the matter would be brought before the Board, which would select that security which seemed at the time the most eligible. If any difficult questions as to title or the rights of claimants arose, the parties might, on the matter being intimated to them, either agree to be bound by the decision of the Directors; or if they either could not or would not, resort would be had to the same remedy which at present is available, the stating a case, if the point is not complicated, for the decision of the Court of Chancery; or, if the matter is more complex, the institution of a suit. This would be done only by authority of the Board of Directors, and it would be

conducted with greater expedition and less cost than is the general rule when such proceedings are taken by private parties; for the Company would be in effect its own solicitor, and would be moved to expedition by the fact that it would be unable to draw its commission till the point was decided, and the funds released. When all had been cleared up, the duty of the Company would again become merely routine. It would continue vested in the estates till the time came for their transfer to the true owner; either meanwhile paying him the annual income, or accumulating it in similar investments, or honouring his drafts to such extent as a guardian might authorize, all according as the deed or will might prescribe. Every year the accounts would be balanced, the legal expenses, if any, would be deducted from each estate, the Company's charge for general management would be also deducted, and the balance distinctly shown. These accounts, with all orders and proceedings of the Board affecting each estate, would be open for inspection, free of charge, to any of the parties interested, or, if they thought fit, their lawyers. It was computed in 1855, and a company of the highest respectability was formed on that basis, that a commission of one per cent. on the receipts would form an ample source of profit to the company. Its own capital, the reserve fund of security, would be invested in Consols, so that all its profits would be in addition to the Government interest.

Such, then, is the nature of the institution to which we have thought it worth our readers' while to devote a consideration somewhat more detailed and continuous than ordinary. The introduction of a system, of old date, indeed, in our colonies, but novel in this country, and which threatens seriously many powerful interests, cannot be hoped unless its novelty is shown to infer no danger, and its interference with the vested right of lawyers to put their hands into our pockets, is proved to be attended with advantage to ourselves. But as the frame of English law makes nearly every man, at some time, either a trustee or in need of a trustee, the question whether the inconvenience of the search for such a functionary, the trouble and danger imposed upon him when found, and the risk and expense which are incurred by those for whom he acts, can be alleviated by the introduction of modern principles, successful in many similar applications, as a substitute for ancient rules, fitted only for ruder states of society, is one of such great, and almost universal, interest, as to warrant us in bringing it thus under deliberate consideration. It is now, as we have observed, twenty years since the question was first mooted; nine since Parliament was last asked to give the needful permission and authority for its trial. Whether a company formed to renew the attempt might now meet with better success, or, in these days of renewed gambling in foreign funds and domestic diggings, to say nothing of such fresh speculations as hotels, Turkish baths, and Great Ships, limited,—a design so modest and useful might not find any favour in the money market at all, we shall not venture to predict. But we should certainly be very glad if a little of the exuberant wealth, which seems scarce able to find employment, were dedicated to found an establishment of such permanent and general utility and advantage.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER ON SHEEP.

THE most pious of bishops seem fated occasionally to put themselves in absurd positions, simply for want of a little ordinary common-sense, and the Bishop of Rochester is no exception to the rule. His first step after his elevation to the Bench was to run a tilt against beards. His last is to forbid an excellent and learned clergyman the use of the pulpits in his diocese, because, being in too feeble health to undertake duty, he farms some few acres of land, and occasionally takes a service for a sick brother clergyman at a pinch. We think seriously that this is carrying the social tyranny of bishops a little too far. It is not long since the Bishop of Exeter pronounced a similar inhibition against the Rev. Julian Young, at Torquay, on the ground that he gave penny Shakespearian readings to the working men. A bishop somewhere else, it is said, objects to shooting. Somebody else has a horror of village cricket, and the life of unhappy curates has been thereby rendered unnecessarily sanctimonious; whilst round hand bowling—which in country villages depends so greatly on the youngest curate—is almost becoming unknown in that county, and the rural elevens of the diocese for some seasons have been almost unable to get one another out. Now that the Bishop of Rochester objects to sheep, the circle of clerical enjoyment is still further narrowed. In the

great beard controversy, the sympathies of the British public were by no means on the side of the bishops, though they were by no means on the side of the beards. Muscular Christians, indeed, of an advanced school, regarded the prohibition of long hair and other badges of physical capacity as a direct injury to religion. But in general, the natural dislike which is felt to anything unusual pronounced a verdict against beards; though nobody pretended to say that *egregiè cordatus* and *egregiè barbatus* might not be often correlative terms. But everybody agreed that the Bishop of Rochester had better have let beards wag merrily all round his diocese, than have taken up the cudgels in favour of razors. In the first place, common sense tells us that in minor social matters of the kind, where neither the honour of religion nor the great truths of Christianity are concerned, a clergyman is the best judge of what he may or may not do. It is ridiculous to pretend to lay down laws on such points at all for other persons; and if rules are to be made, let them be made by a regular council of discipline, and not by a casual bishop, who, perhaps, is crotchety, and has strong objections to everything that he has never felt any temptation himself to enjoy. Secondly, interference on such points is really a piece of ecclesiastical impertinence, though the particular atmosphere of a bishop's palace prevents many a worthy bishop from seeing that it is such. Bishops are not heads over their clergy in the same sense in which an abbot is at the head of his monastery. They are to maintain the honour and discipline of the Church. But what gentleman of mature age and education would take orders if he understood that he was to be at the mercy, in small and trivial social matters, of a brother clergyman, who, perhaps, has been elevated to the bench more for his earnestness and diligence than for his refinement or his knowledge of the world? No doubt, the theory is that bishops are men of judgment and of the world. But in a country where political and religious parties influence the choice of the Episcopacy, and where nobody knows much about the person appointed, except that he is on the whole a good and active man, it is obvious that bishops are frequently anything but men of the world. At present, the Bench have quite enough social power and influence among their clergy. As it is, a bishop's palace is a little court, with its favourites, its counsellors, and its courtiers. We have no desire to see this social influence indefinitely extended. It is far better in a Protestant Church that the standard of clerical manners should be fixed by the laymen of the community than by the bishops. There is no fear that lay opinion on such social matters will be at all too lax, and it is better, perhaps, that clergymen, in their dealings with others, should err on the side of informality than on the side of ecclesiastical pedantry.

The crime by which the Rev. Mr. Davies has incurred the disapprobation of the Bishop of Rochester is a crime for which half the patriarchs of the Old Testament, to say nothing of King David himself, would have forfeited his Lordship's good opinion, had such a rigid episcopal censor only been born at the proper time. The Rev. Mr. Davies both keeps, and, we presume, in due time sells sheep. He does, that is to say, what every nobleman, and what half the clergymen in the country do; and, in fact, as he puts it very unanswerably to his Lordship, what half the prelates of the Church do to the present day. It is not asserted that he sells them improperly, or that he asks too high a price for them; or that he makes merry over his bargains as is the manner of contracting sheepowners, who love to crown all business with society and beer. Nor does he jog home from market with his wife behind his back, far less with anybody else's wife. Nor is there any pretence for saying that he outrages conventionality in the very slightest way. The Bishop's indictment, evidence, verdict, and sentence are briefly, but pithily, contained in two paragraphs of the right reverend despatch. He objects to sheep because he thinks that associating with sheep is equivalent to being mixed up in an equivocal way with the parish goats:—

"It appears to be generally known and much remarked upon that you are engaged in the management of land, holding a farm also yourself, and of necessity associating with farmers at markets far more than is usual in the case of clergymen, or than is proper for them, according to the best judgment I can form. You are not licensed; and I must, therefore, request that you will henceforth desist from officiating in any of the churches which come under my jurisdiction."

Improper as it was believed to be to grow herds, to grow corn seems worse. His Lordship ought to found a society for the discouragement of clerical fertility, if a clergyman is not to be allowed to grow anything at all. Nor can we help thinking that it is rather hard upon Essex markets, and Essex farmers. Agricultural society in Essex has often been said, in conformity with the other natural characteristics of that county, to be a little flat, but

it is certainly the first time we ever heard it was dangerous. We should have thought that if there was one county in England where neology never was heard of, and Bishop Colenso had not the ghost of a chance, it would have been in Essex; and that a clergyman might disport himself all day in that theological Arcadia without ever getting scent of a heresy unless it were about the manner of manuring turnips. There must, then, be something very awful in the condition of the Essex farmers, if, in spite of their acknowledged freedom from speculation, their company is nevertheless so demoralizing to a clergyman in weak health. We presume we may take it for granted, in discussing the question, that a clergyman must associate with somebody. Of course, if one is never to see anybody except his Bishop, he ought not to count. If he does not live amongst farmers, he lives, we suppose, with ironmongers or cottonspinners, or merchants, somewhere else; and associates with those about him. Why are farmers worse than ironmongers or merchants? Nobody dares to say that Mr. Davies has deserted his own class for the society of others beneath him. He is a man—says a neighbouring rector—of talent and of scholarship, "well known to the Church at large by his literary labours." The Bishop himself in a subsequent letter confesses as much, and thereby cuts away any imaginary justification he may have had from under his own feet.

"My act has not been done hastily, or without due consideration of Mr. Davies's respectable and good standing in the Church and in society."

We see, then, that Mr. Davies is of good standing in society. He cannot therefore be in the habit of mixing with farmers more than is fit for an ordinary gentleman, and indeed he himself pointedly asserts this; nor does his lordship attempt to contradict him. Mr. Davies thus writes on January 24th to the Bishop:—

"My grain and cattle, when sold in market, are sold by a commission agent, because I dislike that part of the work. I often ride into Chelmsford on market days, and I have the friendship of many of the leading agriculturists of Essex. But my tastes have never led me into low company, because I was born a gentleman before I was made a clergyman."

There must, therefore, as we feared, be something catching about Essex farmers in particular that unfits them for clerical society. Perhaps they wear beards, which would explain it all. The only other explanation is that the good bishop is gradually weaning his clergy from the world. He has already put an end to beards and cricket. He is now going on in a humble and fearless spirit to do away with markets. Christians will next have to retire from green fields. The last, a final victory, will be achieved at the expense of the rector's kitchen garden. "It appears to be generally known, and much remarked on, that you are engaged in the management of a kitchen garden." So his Lordship's letters will next run, and we have no doubt that there is not a single garden in favour of which he would make an exception, no, not the garden of Eden itself. Having begun with cutting off sheep, and discountenancing the precedents of the patriarchs, he will then have achieved a conquest at the expense of the reputation of our common parents themselves, and the worthy Bishop's triumph over mundane occupation will be complete. The diocese will be a little *triste*, but the clergy will soon become accustomed to it, and learn that the Christian clergyman's horse never goes out of a trot, and that the Christian clergyman himself never quits the high road. An Index of prohibited amusements might hang up in every rectory, like the Index of prohibited Degrees of Marriage:—

"A clergyman may not flirt even with his grandmother."

"A clergyman may not attend archery meetings; or bowl round hand."

"A clergyman may not grow either beards or barley."

"A clergyman may not keep sheep."

"A clergyman may not smoke."

"A clergyman may not cultivate hops, or, far less, go to dances."

"A clergyman may not ride to market."

"A clergyman may not run or swing his arms."

The punishment for clergymen who transgressed in any of these particulars should be, if he was a curate, to have his licence revoked; and, if he was a rector, he should forfeit his bishop's love. We might multiply the list of forbidden excitements *ad infinitum*; but it is sufficient to throw out the idea roughly for the rural deans of his lordship's diocese to work out. A good deal of austerity may be inculcated by a judicious and vigilant supervision of the habits and manners prevalent at all the vicarages round. We have reason to believe that in some parts of the country croquet is terribly on the increase; a good many young curates, it is said, play at it more than is either desirable or proper for them. Let the Bishop of Rochester look to it, for it is no use putting down one source of vicious amusement if another is to be

let crop up in its place. Croquet is certainly as idle a pursuit as farming ; and we do not know that associating with the squire's daughters is a more clerical pursuit than riding to the county town on market-day. Surely the Bishop of Rochester's good sense might tell him that in all things of the kind clergymen are best left to their own discretion, so long as nothing is done to bring discredit on the Church. One thing is certain, that to forbid a clergyman the use of the pulpit is a most serious step, and, unless justified by urgent necessity, the gravest injury. It appears that Mr. Davies is too highly respected in Essex and by his brother clergy to suffer harm ; but the Bishop's conduct is not the more excusable. He has run the risk of damaging a brother clergyman's reputation for life because he disapproves of what is, at worst, a mere error of taste and feeling, a venial and trivial fault. These are the unpractical mistakes that bring the Bench into a kind of half contempt in the world without. The publication of the controversy will reflect more on the Bishop's *savoir faire* than on Mr. Davies's character. The minor grievances of which Mr. Davies complains are the want of consideration shown by the Bishop in sending him an inhibition without vouchsafing a word of remonstrance or warning, though he was an old friend of the Bishop's and known to him personally for years ; and again, that the Bishop had not chosen to inform him who were his accusers. He has been made to undergo a species of degradation in the teeth of the social protest entered against the Bishop's decision by one half of the county. We think Mr. Davies's vindication of his agricultural pursuits is very apposite.

"I have read as much as most men, but I never yet met with a passage in any writer, sacred or profane, in which agriculture is supposed to be a hindrance to the development of man's higher nature and nobler feelings. The Church, by assigning glebe, of great extent in some instances, recognizes even in her employed members the fact that farming is not unclerical. Mr. Huxtable's appointment last year to the archdeaconry of Dorset was well received by the Church, and Mr. Huxtable is one of the giants of agriculture. Many clergy farm more thousands than I do hundreds of acres. The glebe at Danbury which the late bishop was fond of showing to his clergy, and which I believe your lordship keeps in your own hands, is to the extent of three hundred acres. I have never associated with farmers in any other way than every Christian gentleman ought to associate with them. Your lordship will therefore excuse my protesting against my course having been unclerical. Having put the letters into a pamphlet for my own justification, I hope never to hear the subject mentioned again."

MANAGEMENT OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

It is not denied by the most ardent friends of the Bank Charter Act that there are peculiarities in its operation which require amendment. They would be most willing to facilitate the requisite changes without making concessions to popular clamour, or to the advocates of inconvertibility. We have now had the experience of two serious panics since the Act came into force, and they have shown how incapable it is of carrying out in their full integrity the principles which were so strongly asserted as the basis of the new law. But while it is allowed that the Act has not worked as well as it should, it has still not failed to regulate the machinery of the currency in a much better manner than might have been anticipated. The great misfortune seems to be that in maintaining the privilege of the Corporation and of the proprietors—a point invariably looked to in any negotiations between the Governor and the Company of the Bank of England—conflicting interests must arise ; and it can hardly be otherwise with the present constitution of the Bank. The Bank is divided into two departments—one the banking and the other the issue department—and they can never work quite satisfactorily together. However conscientiously the directors may desire to conduct the business of their great establishment, there must always be the two objects in view : first, as is supposed, to regulate the currency ; and next, to look after profits and to earn an average amount of dividend. In these days of competition, when most of the great metropolitan joint stock banks can distribute to their proprietors profits equal to 20 and 22 per cent., the return of 8, 9, or even 10 per cent. to bank stock proprietors seems insignificant. It must be allowed of course that there is some distinction between the body corporate of Threadneedle-street, and the London and Westminster and the London Joint Stock Banks, as regards the class of transactions into which they enter ; but the position of the former, with the large facilities it possesses, ought to ensure it a greater proportion of profit. It is true there is much dignity about the Bank of England ; the office of Director is a post of high honour, and the supreme seats of Governor and Deputy-Governor place their happy occupants at the highest elevation of financial rank ; but it is unfortunately this very dignity, refusing to stoop down from its lofty eminence, that prevents the Bank from securing a much

larger share of business than it has hitherto enjoyed. In the competition which is now taking place between the Joint Stock Banks limited and unlimited, and the private banking interest, the Bank of England may be compelled to move on, but this movement will, it is feared, require more ability than at present pervades the councils of the Court. If there is any real genius in that body, among the six and twenty high-class names constituting the direction, it is probable that the routine of the establishment prevents its development. It cannot certainly be said that for years past the Governors have been men of great intellectual power. There was little display of talent for action throughout the course of the panic of 1857-58, and the last Governor, who has just retired with the full blown honours of a special vote of the Court, would, mild and amiable as he is, have cut a sorry figure had he been overtaken by a commercial tempest. What we have already seen of the new Governor is not altogether to his advantage, if we observe that there have been three alterations in the Bank rate in the space of about as many weeks—the second on a Saturday, above all days in the week, when everybody was out of town. Credit, perhaps, ought to be given him for the best intentions, since he can hardly be supposed to have fairly got into his seat. We had indeed heard better things promised of him ; we had heard that it only required to place the reins in his hands to find the heavy lumbering vehicle put in motion in a more agreeable manner, but his conduct, so far, does not justify these praises ; and if the act of the Saturday alteration was his special innovation, he deserves more than ordinary censure. If vagaries of this sort are frequently indulged in, the public will become tired, and seek relief either by making representations to Parliament or by putting a pressure upon the Court at their half-yearly meetings. We should certainly be disposed to encourage the latter, as the more advisable proceeding at first ; and if this failed to produce an impression, then to seek the other means of redress. But unless some vigorous attempt be made to enforce attention to the question, it cannot be hoped that any immediate success will ensue. The Court has the privilege of exercising its own free will, without control ; and it is hard to surmount any objections raised by the Governor and his Deputy on the other side of the purple cloth, at the meetings in the Bank parlour. These meetings, indeed, have become quite farcical, important as their deliberations ought to be. At these half-yearly Courts, instead of merely announcing the dividend, and receiving a few stated compliments and adulations from self-complacent proprietors, the great financial questions of the day should be discussed, and information elicited of the progress and movements of banking in general. What the East India Court meetings formerly were, the Bank of England meetings should be at present. Its debates have gradually dwindled to such a degree that now, if the proceedings occupy more than a quarter of an hour, the reporters are surprised. In days gone by, Mr. Parry de Winton, the ever present Mr. J. H. Clark, Mr. Weedon, and Mr. Fielder, would attack the Court, but never on great points. Where now is Mr. Thompson with his one stereotyped question, "Do the branch banks continue a source of profit ?" All these gentlemen appear to have retired, and left the arena to be filled by Mr. Alderman Salomons, Mr. Matthew Clark, and one or two others, who are quite satisfied to obtain an assurance that everything is progressing well ; and who, in return, pass cut and dried votes of thanks, uttering a few platitudes to embellish the mock formality. But this will not much longer be tolerated. The endeavour of one almost unknown proprietor, recently, to break down the barrier of official dignity between the proprietors and the Court, should be resolutely followed up by some of the most influential on the list. It will be difficult at first to enlist parties ; but only let one or two Court meetings take place at which there is a disposition exhibited to probe the topics of the day, and the information demanded must then come out, and the Court and the public must thereby be enlightened. If this be not done, the somnolence and apathy of the body of Bank Stock proprietors will not escape the notice of experimenting financial authorities, and the Court and their privileges will be speedily scattered to the winds. The Court may be in some measure to blame for not taking the initiative in reformation and making the most complete use of the facilities they enjoy ; but, at the same time, the proprietors should remember that they have a duty to perform, and if they believe the Court require prompting, they should take united action to accomplish that end. But this proneness to allow the Governor and Deputy Governor to have too much their own way has always been the anomalous feature in the history of the corporation ; more especially, however, in the last five or six years ; the great fight with the discount brokers, and the earlier publication of the *Gazette* returns, not having provoked the discussion those

matters deserved. This may eventually prove the rock on which the establishment will split; for if, in common parlance, the proprietors do not look after their own affairs, other persons will not do so for them. It has always seemed to be understood that Mr. Gladstone has entertained the notion that a State Bank should be organized, not alone for the convenience of the Treasury but also for the benefit of the public exchequer. Those who profess to be acquainted with the idiosyncrasies of his subtle, symmetrical, financial mind, have every now and then given inklings that at a future day, if he remains much longer in power, some demonstration will be made which will be the precursor of an important change. He, it is positively asserted, sees the impracticable points of the Bank Charter Act, and his microscopic vision will ere long penetrate the details. In what manner his views may shape themselves, no one would attempt distinctly to guess, but his predilections would most unmistakably lead to an increase of Government power over the establishment, even should he not interfere with the privileges of the Corporation at the end of the term for which they have been granted. The Charter runs for some period yet; meanwhile, various mutations may occur, but it is not impossible that his impressions on this subject have been shared by others, and that when the proper season arrives, they may be much more completely ventilated. The banking and financial community are undergoing quite a *bouleversement*,—for the better or worse, a date within the next decade will decide. It will consequently be necessary for all who have monetary relations of importance to watch their growth, augmentation, and maturity, with a vigilance that was never thought of in the past; and if we should at any moment approximate to the formation of a State Bank, the ground-work of such relations would be of a much more delicate and complex character. A State Bank might or might not be advantageous to the country; its arrangement would require to be most strictly checked and guarded against official peculation and jobbery; but while there are many who altogether disapprove of creating such an institution, a great number of thoughtful and recognized economists would, on the other hand, give to this project their support.

VIVISECTION.

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been of late greatly perturbed with respect to the vivisections practised on horses in the veterinary schools of France. This is no matter for surprise, as the public generally have been moved with disgust by the recitals given in the public papers some time since of the experiments performed upon living horses in the veterinary colleges of France for the sake of affording instruction to the pupils. No doubt the society was quite right in the representations it made to the Emperor upon the subject, and we are glad to see that its remonstrances are likely to lead to the suppression of the unnecessary cruelty inflicted for instruction sake in France. Not content with this success, however, it has commenced a crusade against the performance of vivisection in any form, and its members class any operation which may lead to the most important results in surgery calculated to relieve human suffering, in the same category as the maltreatment of a donkey. It is extraordinary what absurd speeches excited philanthropists will make when they meet together and mutually alarm each other by exaggerated statements. We have now before us the report of the International Congress held by this society at the Crystal Palace last August, and more audacious misstatements of fact than are contained in that report we certainly never read. Really it would appear from them that surgeons in this country are a set of demons who take delight in cutting up living creatures without aim or purpose. The value of vivisections is utterly denied, and a reverend prebendary gravely affirms that the living body can give no response to the interrogatories of the scientific surgeon which cannot as easily be gathered from the dead subject! Another gentleman asserts that no discovery of any moment has arisen from the practice of vivisection, and there was an almost unanimous chorus in favour of putting down the practice of "torturing living animals," except in certain special cases, and under certain conditions, of which we presume a committee of the society would wish to elect itself the judge. Imagine John Hunter having to pause in the pursuit of some subtle investigation into the ways of life in order to ask permission of a conclave of old ladies of both sexes that he might try an experiment upon a mouse!

We think it would have been well if the members of the congress, before denouncing the practice of vivisection in the terms they did, had taken the trouble to inquire respecting the frequency and

manner in which it is performed in England. To listen to the excited speakers, one would think that it was the custom of surgical professors to "cut up alive" animals in the class-room for the edification of the students. Now, it is scarcely necessary for us to state that vivisections are never performed in the dissecting-room or theatre. Certainly during the five years of our acquaintance with one of the largest hospitals in London, not one experiment of any kind was performed on a living animal. Vivisection, when it is performed, is done by the physiologist in his own study. The tortures endured by the animal whilst under the process of "dissection" exist only in the imagination of the speakers. Common sense should have told them, that whilst we have such a thing as chloroform, an operator will not be likely to pursue his investigations amid the frantic struggles of an agonized animal. As for the "cutting and carving," and the "dissecting," said to be carried on without a definite purpose, it is a simple calumny. The division of a nerve, the tying of an artery, the section of a muscle, in the vast majority of cases, are all the operations required for the elucidation of the problem of life the physiologist may be seeking to solve. Any surgeon who should aimlessly mutilate any living creature would instantly lose caste among his brethren, who, we would beg to remind the members of this society, are not Feejee Islanders or subjects of the King of Dahomey, but educated English gentlemen.

We really scarcely know how to deal with the extraordinary statement that vivisection can teach nothing that may not be equally well learned from the dead body. If life and death are the same thing in the minds of these gentlemen, there can indeed be little use in attempting any argument with them. Equally absurd is the idea evidently in the minds of many of the speakers that we should wait for the accidents that are always occurring to the human frame to elucidate the many problems that yet remain to be solved in physiology. We are afraid if we waited for the exact accident required to suit the exact case demanding a solution, that the science of life would make but tardy progress. In answer to the assertion that no good has ever come of vivisection, it will be sufficient to say that it was the knowledge thereby gained by John Hunter that made him the profound surgeon and physiologist he was. Had he been influenced by the squeamish doctrine set forth by this Society, the great reforms in the art of surgery which date from the time of his teaching and writing would not yet, in all probability, have been accomplished. The vast service he performed for humanity in discovering the means of obliterating aneurisms in the human frame would alone be sufficient to confute those who deny the value of vivisection; and in our opinion the destruction of a whole hecatomb of dogs would not weigh in the balance against the value of that great discovery. But it is in the study of the nervous system that the use of vivisection has been so clearly shown. It may be said without the slightest hesitation that we should have been as ignorant of the true mode of action of that system as were the ancients, had it not been for the labours of Bell and Marshall Hall, both of whom gained all the knowledge with which they have lit up that hitherto dark subject out of the bodies of living animals. Dr. Marshall Hall used to say that the frog was "God's gift to the physiologist," and there can be no doubt that unless the highly organized nervous system of the frog had been made subservient to the uses of man by these philosophers, medicine would have altogether lacked the mighty impulse they have given to its teaching. Dr. Brown-Séquard again is worthily following in their footsteps, and, by the legitimate use of animal life, is clearing up the difficulties they have left unravelled. To deny the rabbit, or the frog, or the dog, to such men as these, would be equivalent to denying the violin to a Paganini, or the brush to a Maclise, or the pen to a Carlyle; it is the tool with which they work, and without which their subtle intellect would have been given to them in vain. To confound labours such as theirs with the smug conceit of the paid lecturer, who bids a gaping crowd watch the agonies of an expiring mouse under the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, is, in our opinion, simple impertinence. There is the cruel process of crimping cod and salmon—"that is vivisection," cried Dr. Tunstall, of Bath. Just so, and a very cruel process it is, and we think the benevolent Doctor would be quite justified in getting up an "Anti-Crimping-Salmon Society"; nay, he would be equally justified in directing the energies of sympathizing friends against the skinning of eels; but, in the name of common sense, we must protest against the lumping of acts such as these with the scientific and definite interrogations put to nature by trained philosophers—by means of vivisection. Surely the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has not so far exhausted all the fields of labour open to it as to justify its making this senseless

crusade against the means of furthering the aims of science. To rush to the rescue of a frog lying senseless and painless in the hands of a physiologist, whilst we shut our eyes to the rush of man and horse and dog after the poor hare or fox, is certainly to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. We would put it to these worthy humanitarians, whether it would not be better for them to adjourn their onslaught on scientific men until they have rescued poor puss from the helter-skelter rush that is made upon him by the country gentlemen for no more noble aim than mere amusement? Looking at the matter from our own point of view, of course, we do not mean to condemn this pastime, which subserves to the health of those who enjoy it; but from the extreme point of view taken up by this Society, the pastime of hunting must be cruel in the extreme. Here then is a fair field for the labours of the Society. Let it strive to put down the pastime of the country gentlemen; then it will be time enough to interfere with the scientific labours of our philosophers.

MISS RYE AND HER EMIGRANTS.

WHATEVER differences of opinion may have existed with regard to the feasibility of Miss Rye's scheme for female emigration, there could be but one opinion about this enterprising lady's intentions, and only one wish with regard to their result. If she could find in Australia lucrative employment for women who were in peril of starvation, and of something far worse at home, she would do a great good. And certainly there seemed a field open for her exertions. Twelve or fifteen years ago, Mrs. Chisholm had organized family groups into which young English women without friends were adopted on the passage out; and when they arrived in Australia they had no difficulty in locating themselves comfortably. Settlers came down to the ports in search of wives. Many of the girls sent out had hardly landed before they were married; and though such ready wooing might in the old country realize the adage about marrying in haste and repenting at leisure, this was not likely to be the case in settlements where women, so to speak, were at a premium. Since then, the discovery of the gold-fields has sent up their value by the immense immigration of males from all parts of the world. And though the lapse of years has done something towards restoring the balance between the sexes, the disparity seemed yet great enough to warrant the hope that young women strong enough and handy enough to do the hard work of domestic life, to fulfil at the same time the duties of mistress and servant, would find in Australia prospects much more favourable to their happiness and prosperity than in England. The case of governesses was not so hopeful. But Miss Rye had assured us before sailing for Otago, that she had every confidence of finding them employment. And immediately upon her arrival at Dunedin, Otago, she wrote home on the 16th of February last, saying, "I shall have no difficulty in disposing of the girls we have here; they will all find good situations and good salaries."

It appears, however, that this bright anticipation has been disappointed, and that difficulties have arisen which Miss Rye could not foresee. The *Melbourne Argus*, writing on the authority of the Otago journals, says that her experiment has been a failure. She has met with a cold reception. Her charges find few offers. Out of eight governesses, only three have found employment. The rest of the hundred emigrants, though household servants, are stowed away in an uncomfortable barrack, ill-housed and ill-fed. The ladies of Dunedin look coldly on the enterprise, and have met Miss Rye with a "chilling indifference." The *Argus* gives a hint of other difficulties which give distinct meaning to Miss Rye's caution in the letter above-mentioned:—"Already I see more clearly the force of my reiterated assertion that it is certain destruction to ship off unsteady girls." The *Otago Daily Times* writes: "It is a bitter return to Miss Rye for selecting Otago as the first test of her experiment, that not only should she herself be received with scant cordiality, but that she should be doomed to appear to keep bad faith with those who have trusted themselves to her protection. The Government, too, have a sad wrong to answer for in enticing out these poor females, and according them such a reception." Miss Rye's letter was dated the 16th of February. Eight days elapsed, and only three governesses out of the whole number of emigrants were provided for. Yet nothing could be more circumspect than her measures. She had found, in the course of a careful investigation as to which colony would be best suited for her purpose, that Otago presented precisely the want she was labouring to supply. In that province the disproportion between the sexes was marked. The Government was anxious to rectify this disparity; and Miss Rye, in selecting her emigrants, chose

only young women of spotless character, and who were well fitted for hard work. Why, then, has she failed?

There are certain persons who have, from the commencement, ridiculed this lady's humane undertaking in a style little creditable to their good taste, and with a gentlemanly feeling conspicuous for its absence. It will gratify them to hear that her first enterprise has, though we trust only for the moment, come to grief. But as we feel sure that the same unworthy motives which led them to predict disaster and to suggest the most improper and unworthy ideas in connection with Miss Rye's scheme, will sway them to represent its failure as a fulfilment of all that they foretold, it may be as well to explain the true cause of that failure. She took out with her eight governesses and ninety-two household servants. The latter were precisely the class of women for which the province, as the *Otago Daily News* states, had for months before "eagerly clamoured." But prejudice is as potent at the Antipodes as it is amongst ourselves. For some time before her arrival the colonial journals had been representing that Miss Rye was about to flood the colonies with unsuitable immigrants—women of education and delicate nurture. This appears to be the true explanation of the "chilling indifference" Miss Rye has met with, and of the obstacles which have been thrown in her way from those who had promised her facilities for carrying out her plans. But it by no means follows that the prejudice which has confronted her upon landing will be able permanently to defeat her design. She is not a lady to be easily discouraged or turned aside from her undertakings. The latest accounts give the fate of her expedition only up to the eighth day after her arrival at Dunedin. And it is more than probable that when the true character of her emigrants was made known—that they were not delicate ladies, but servant girls, healthy, virtuous, and suited to the hard work of the colony—the prejudices industriously disseminated would give way. It cannot be that the colonists should clamour for women of this class, and change their minds the moment the want was supplied. But it was natural enough that they should hold back, under the supposition that where they had cried for helpers Miss Rye was offering them burdens.

We trust, therefore, that this lady will yet be rewarded for her pains. But we cannot leave the subject without some notice of the comments of two of the Australian journals, one representing the province of Victoria, and the other that of South Australia, on the general subject of female emigration. We are apt at this end of the world to anticipate the early marriage of the women we send out; and it would not be unnatural if the emigrants themselves were to allow this hope to get uppermost in their minds. The *Melbourne Argus* holds this to be a fatal error. It admits that there is a wide scope for the immigration of a superior class of female servants; but notwithstanding the disparity of the sexes the prospect of matrimony appears to be small. "Whatever the statistics may say," observes this journal, "it is a fact that three-fourths of the male population of any of the mining colonies are not a marrying race. They are single, not because they cannot get wives, but because they cannot afford to keep them." The *Adelaide Observer* bears similar testimony. It holds that the success of Miss Rye's plan of emigration depends mainly upon her carefully separating from it all thoughts of speedily marrying her *protégées*. "Whatever it may be in other colonies," it says, "we are sure that here (in South Australia) we have not a large number of young men panting for wives, and ready to rush down to the first ship that arrives with female immigrants to make their choice and marry them out of hand. . . . Let them be well selected, industrious, and willing to make themselves generally useful, and they will readily find respectable service, with wages twice or three times as large as they could obtain in England, and with all this there is still the chance of their captivating some stalwart colonist, and making him happy for life. But we know of nothing more likely to prevent the marriages of female immigrants than for it to be generally understood that they have come amongst us with the express intention of finding husbands." Possibly it was the idea that Miss Rye's immigrants had come out on this mission which induced the ladies of Otago to withhold from them the sympathy that might have been expected. Here, then, we have a caution, valuable for future enterprises, the first step in which should be to give young women clearly to understand that they are going out to work; and that husbands are not in Australia, any more than in England, plenty as blackberries. Perhaps it will be difficult to get this well into their minds. It has been the popular belief in England that single women had only to show themselves in the colonies to be married. Girls who will not be convinced to the contrary had much better remain at home. But, in spite of the momentary check Miss Rye has met with, the evidences are

abundant that there is plenty of room for female labour in the colonies at a high rate of wages ; and that those who are willing to work and to divest their minds of romantic speculations which will only unfit them for toil and lead to disappointment, have far better prospects in Australia than at home.

GENTLEMANLY AMUSEMENTS.

"Be merry and wise" says the proverb ; but it adds no instructions how the happy medium is to be kept. Middle-aged gentlemen who have the care of a family upon their shoulders can take their day's pleasure and come home quietly at night ; and the youngest women have the power of making themselves and those about them happy without being tempted into absurdity, or letting their good spirits run away with them. But for the youth of the male sex nothing appears to be harder when they are "out upon the loose" than to know where to stop. The ordinary restraints of life are thrown off, the blood is up, the fresh air is exhilarating, and to their natural buoyancy there is added an artificial steam, whose safety-valve is either a large development of caution, or that gentlemanly instinct which keeps a man right even in his cups. But say that he has a touch of the brute or the savage in his nature, and it is astonishing how totally it will eclipse the outward accidents of the gentleman, and what poor fun, what coarse and stupid amusements it will pass with it for wit and pleasure. One of the unvarying features of an illumination is the crowd of roughs who think it facetious and pleasant to make "an ugly rush" every now and then, are amused with the screams of women crushed almost to death, and the general distress and alarm which their brutal behaviour occasions. But, then, these are the scum of the population. They act as we expect men to act who have all the brute passions of the savage without any of his better qualities. From gentlemen, even when they are "flown with wine," we expect something different ; and we could never understand what sort of pleasure they can find in bonnetting an unoffending passenger, upsetting an apple-woman's stall, knocking down a policeman, or creating a riot in a place of amusement, to the terror of people who are peaceably enjoying themselves, and to their own shame and disgrace.

But the instances are not rare ; and Mr. E. T. Smith has during the week informed us that it is the annual custom of certain "gentlemen" to wind up a visit to the Derby or the Oaks by "a row at Cremorne," the wit of which seems to consist in insulting visitors too weak to protect themselves, exciting others, assaulting the police, punching the heads of unoffending waiters, damaging property, and putting an entire stoppage to business and entertainment. Mr. Smith seems year after year to have borne this with extraordinary patience. But last week his amiability fairly broke down. "On Thursday and Friday last," he writes, "a number of gentlemen on their return from the races thought proper to wind up their day's sport in the manner I have referred to, inflicting heavy pecuniary loss upon myself, damaging a large quantity of valuable property, assaulting my servants and the police, and setting all authority at defiance, leaving me no alternative but an appeal to the magistrate of the district court for protection." He did appeal, and on Saturday the light-hearted gentlemen who had been amusing themselves at his expense, made their appearance at the Westminster police-court. The first charge taken was against Mr. Reginald Herbert, of 36, Half-moon-street, Piccadilly ; Mr. John Birkett, of Crosby-hall, Liverpool ; and Mr. John Edward Saville, of 35, Duke-street, Piccadilly. These, with some fifty other gentlemen, having combined to amuse themselves, Mr. Birkett gave the word,—"Now, for a jolly lark." With this noble signal the lark began. The gallant fifty moved forward in a body jostling the crowd, pushing them about, driving them from place to place, insulting them, smashing glasses and throwing them about the bar, knocking women down and assaulting the police. It was capital fun. A witness had his coat torn in twenty or thirty pieces, saw his wife assaulted, and was himself struck in the mouth. Women were shrieking for protection. There were yelling, hooting, fighting, breaking of glasses and windows, battering of waiters and policemen, and indeed every species of diversion a gentleman could desire. Nothing, moreover, could be more refreshing to a truly chivalrous nature than the sight of a company of three hundred people protected by the police and the servants of the establishment, ignominiously driven about like a flock of sheep by a small but resolute band with no other support but their fists, their sticks and umbrellas, and their own stout hearts. It must have been fine to listen to women screaming for help, and to see them tumbled down like nine pins ; and as one of the pleasures of swimming is to feel that you are free from the tyranny of clothes, so

must it have been delightful to the gentlemen rioters at Cremorne, to feel that they were triumphant over the restraints of civilized life, that they were for the time a law unto themselves, and that their joyous spirits could sport in all their natural playfulness as free and liberal as

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

But to every dream of bliss there is an awakening. The compact band of fifty could not hold together for ever. It had to dispart, to resolve itself into units, amenable to the reflections of the morning, the usages of society, and the majesty of the law. Behind them, on Saturday morning, they saw the burly figure of Mr. E. T. Smith ; before them the worthy magistrate who presides at the Westminster Police Court. Words fell from the lips of that gentleman which must have mingled horribly with the fumes of Mr. Smith's wine. He told them that if the charge was made out to the Sessions they should go, and if they go to the Sessions we suspect they will have an opportunity of reflecting in retirement from the world, and we trust in a penitent and edifying spirit, on their little evening at Cremorne. Mr. Reginald Herbert, Mr. John Birkett, and Mr. Edward Saville were remanded on bail for a week. The case of Mr. John Herbert Shawcross, of 10, Park-lane, Regent's-park, was postponed in like manner and on the same condition, to give him an opportunity of procuring legal advice. This was the gentleman who, when the circular bar was cleared and the doors closed and guarded by Mr. Smith's servants and the police, gallantly rallied his followers with the cry, "Now to the charge !" and then rushed with them, in a body, against the door, dealing a blow of his stick on the forehead of 316 V., striking 174 V. twice on the head with the same weapon, kicking him and otherwise violently resisting him. So at least 174 V. tells us, and surely he ought to know.

What will be the fate of these gentlemen, and of Mr. Charles Evan M'Dougal, who is also out on bail, when they appear to-day before Mr. Arnold, we cannot of course say. We shall be glad indeed if any or all of them can prove that in the general hubbub they were innocently confounded with the guilty, as was Captain Bailey, and Mr. Echalarz, whose whiskers were so long, that the constable in grasping at his collar caught these graceful appendages also in his merciless grasp. But we fear it will go hard with some if not all of them ; and if they have deserved it, we sincerely hope that Mr. Arnold and the Middlesex magistrates will treat them as they would any other posse of ungovernable roughs. What the enjoyments of Cremorne may be, we don't pretend to know. But as the place is licensed, and as it is the resort apparently of large numbers of people who are willing to recreate themselves there without offending one another, it cannot be tolerated that gentlemen shall break in upon their relaxation with the manners and acts of drunken prize-fighters. They may think that their conduct is very witty, facetious, pleasant, and even condescending. But their neighbours don't see it in this light ; the waiters don't see it ; E. T. Smith doesn't see it, and Mr. Arnold calls it plainly "a riot." Mr. Smith finds that a tumbler smashed by a gentleman costs him quite as much as a tumbler smashed by a common fellow, and he warns all gentlemen of high spirits whom it may concern, that for the future, in the event of any disturbance being created at Cremorne, or of any insult being offered to any visitor, male or female, he will cause the offender to be prosecuted to the utmost extent of the law. We hope he will keep his word. If gentlemen are troubled with a superfluity of steam there are plenty of saw-dust floors, where they can try a round with Mr. Tom Sayers' professional brethren. Let them "wind up" their Derby days with such associates. It may not be quite so amusing as a "jolly lark" at Cremorne, but it will at least be more manly.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THERE is one picture in the Royal Academy Exhibition this year in regard to which the wildest guesses are hazarded, and the most opposite opinions are entertained. Mr. Phillip is admitted to have produced in his "House of Commons in 1860," the best contemporary picture of politicians since Copley's theatrical painting of the "Death of Chatham." The largest crowd is always found opposite Mr. Phillip's picture—half the spectators being engaged in identifying the portraits, and the other half vehemently employed in contesting the likenesses and discussing the general merits of the picture.

Photography has made the masses familiar with the features of our leading public men. Eight years ago, during the Sunday disturbances in Hyde-park, Lord Palmerston rode into a mob of rioters without being recognized. Now he cannot walk along

Piccadilly or down Whitehall without being respectfully saluted by those who have only seen his portrait in the photographer's windows. The greater part of the crowd around Mr. Phillip's picture correctly identify the principal figures—the Speaker, Earl Russell, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, and the Premier himself. But the most random and absurd guesses are made in regard to the other characters, and many people would be glad of a key to the whole of the portraits. It will be our task to supply this want.

The painter has used a pictorial licence in the composition of his picture of which no one can complain, and which we only notice, in order that the too literal reader may not imagine he sees the groups before him in the places which they all habitually occupy. The Speaker is in his chair, with the Serjeant-at-arms by his side—a position which Lord C. Russell is seldom or never seen to occupy, his place being an arm-chair near the bar. Three or four Ministers occupy the second bench instead of the Treasury Bench. Sir Hugh Cairns and other ex-Ministers in like manner are painted not on the front Opposition bench but on the second bench. Mr. Walpole and Mr. Henley are brought down from their fourth bench to a seat nearer to the Speaker. Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright are brought from a more distant seat still into the radius of Mr. Phillip's picture. The Speaker desired to be painted in the chair of the House of Commons surrounded by the more eminent members, and the artist has shown great skill in bringing forty figures attired in prosaic modern costume into one picture, and investing the scene with historical dignity.

The "House of Commons in 1860" is a picture not of the House, but of a section of the House during an early evening debate. The spectator is supposed to be a member of Parliament walking up the floor, who has nearly gained the table. Lord Palmerston is addressing the House, apparently on the subject of our relations with France, since, upon the table, may be seen "Correspondence between her Majesty and the Emperor of the French." The gold mace, admirably painted, the Treasury and Opposition boxes, which are placed on each side of the table in order to give out a resonant sound when struck by rhetorical knuckles, the elegantly bound row of statutes, the details and furniture of the table, are treated with masterly fidelity. Seated at the table are the clerks in wig and gown, and behind them is Mr. Speaker, in his raised green chair—the central, and, next to Lord Palmerston, the most prominent figure in the painting.

The Premier has reason to complain, we think, of his portrait. It is perhaps the least successful likeness in the painting, approaching indeed so near to the comic and to caricature, that the first impulse of his friends is to laugh, and the next to be angry. The Palmerston in the picture is a funny and humorous old gentleman, entirely wanting in dignity, which is certainly not the appearance of the original when he is addressing the House of Commons. An attempt has been made to indicate an arch twinkle of the eye, but the satiric sparkle which so often gleams there, and which heralds the ready retort and happy witticism, will be looked for in vain. The noble lord's nose is small, but regular. In the picture it is a small, pinched, and red organ, entirely deficient in dignity, and giving a mean expression to the features. We do not envy the Prime Minister his feelings when he discovered, at the Royal Academy dinner, the "counterfeit presentment" under which he, the "Cupid" of the War and Foreign Office, was to go down to posterity. A friend endeavoured to ascertain what he thought of his likeness. He fought off the question by saying, with a good-humoured laugh, "Ah! it's very difficult to look one's best in a picture." He has small reason to congratulate himself upon his portraits in the Exhibition. There are two likenesses of him; one painted for the Cinque Ports, and the other for his Tiverton constituents. Neither is very successful; but assuming that they are good in the points in which they resemble each other, their dissimilarity to Mr. Phillip's portrait may be taken as the measure of the failure of that artist.

Nearer to the spectator than the Premier, and quite in the foreground on the left of the table (the Speaker's right), sits the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis. He is leaning forward on the bench, and holds a note-book in his hand, in which he may be supposed to make memoranda of the speech that is being delivered by his chief, with a view to defend him in reply. This, again, is a poetic licence, for no such note-book is ever seen in the House of Commons, where the note-taking is of a much less elaborate kind, being made upon any sheet of paper, and with any pen hastily caught up from the table. Mr. Phillip has been much happier in his likeness of the late lamented Secretary of State for War. The profile is perhaps a little exaggerated, but his prominent features wear the look of philosophic reflectiveness, calm sagacity, and imperturbable good temper that distinguished him in life.

Continuing our circuit of identification, and repeating that the first figure on the left is Sir G. C. Lewis, and the second Lord Palmerston, we come to Earl Russell, then "Lord John," whose arms are folded in his favourite historical attitude. The likeness is good, and the spectator will note a deliberative expression about the mouth which denotes the sagacious and veteran statesman. It may be that after ages will determine that the great Whig leader, under whom the present First Minister so long served, ought to have been the prominent figure in the "House of Commons in 1861." It was not for the painter, however, to estimate the rival claims of the two statesmen upon the gratitude of their countrymen and the admiration of posterity. It is enough to feel that a contemporary picture which represents the two great Liberal politicians

in the arena of so many splendid legislative triumphs, must always retain its historical interest.

Not less faithful or less valuable is the portrait next to Earl Russell, which gives us the thoughtful and eloquent features of the great orator of his time—the Achilles of the Ministerial bench—the noble advocate of Poerio and of Italian independence—the exponent of Homer and the Homeric age—the scholar, statesman, financier, and political philosopher,—Mr. Gladstone. At Eton he was known as "the handsome Gladstone," but time, study, perpetual conflict, and the incessant activity of a mind that wears out its scabbard, have cut deep lines of thought and care upon the earnest features, so that in broad daylight he seems like one of those grim stone faces which look down upon you from arch and buttress as you pace the aisles of some old Gothic Cathedral. The painter has thrown a tender veil over these traces of anxiety and strife within and without, yet the deep-seated fervour of spirit is there, and the broad brow and piercing eye are admirably suggestive of the grasp and range of thought of the great debater.

Next to Mr. Gladstone is the Home Secretary, Sir George Grey—quick, sharp, alert, and dexterous,—never at a loss for a word, a reason, and a justification,—a clever administrator, yet the mere chief of a department, gaining no hold on popular sympathies, and losing by recent defeats the character of statesmanship which is sometimes acquired by the successful worship of political expediency.

Beyond Sir G. Grey is another veteran Whig Minister, Sir C. Wood, the Secretary of State for India. His nose, a strongly-pronounced feature, is not unlike the beak of a bird, but comes out creditably in the profile. He is also to be distinguished by wearing a hat. He is talking to Mr. Villiers, the President of the Poor Law Board, and brother of the Earl of Clarendon. Mr. Villiers has just entered the House, and stoops to ask Sir C. Wood what their chief has been saying.

We now run over the bench behind these Ministers. The first figure (just behind Mr. Gladstone, his early Peelite colleague) is Mr. Cardwell, blue-eyed and of red whiskers—who, composed, sedate, but not too courageous, lectures the House with the gravity and sententiousness of a professor; who never made a joke, and rarely seems to enjoy one. Next to Mr. Cardwell stands another Peelite, Sir Roundell Palmer, who looks extremely unlike a Chancery lawyer. His face wears a dreamy expression, as of a man in some poetical reverie. He is doubtless balancing the claims of some devout and mystical verses to a place in his hymnology. See him on the Treasury Bench when the Ministry are hard pressed, and he becomes a talking machine and word-mill, into which you have only to pour a quantity of facts and data, and from that gifted tongue ingenious hypothesis, forcible exposition, reason, argument, and sophistry, flow, as the case may require, in a fluent and exhaustless stream. Yet, when you remember his Conservative antecedents and High Church sympathies, you shudder as you reflect by how narrow a chance he has been gained to the Liberal party, and how easily the ingenious hypothesis and forcible exposition would have come from the same lips across the table on the opposite side of the question. Not that the Solicitor-General is insincere. It is the stand-point that makes the difference among lawyer-politicians.

Beyond Mr. Cardwell and Sir R. Palmer is seen Mr. Milner Gibson entering the House. He may be further known by the high collar and large black stock of a by-gone reign. He raises his hat in the manner exacted of all members when standing or walking. A man may sit with his hat on, but if he changes his place, or leaves the House, he uncovers out of respect to the Chair.

We now come to the third bench. Behind Mr. Cardwell is seen Lord Elcho, not unconscious of his handsome features, but less conceited since he has been brought by the Volunteer movement into concert and contact with those beneath him in social position. A little behind Lord Elcho are Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, both in shadow, and both unsatisfactory portraits. In the gallery behind the chair, and still more in shadow, is the Whig Nestor of the House of Commons, Mr. Edward Ellice, who was made "right honourable" many years ago, against his will, who has refused a peerage, who has sat for Coventry, with a small interval, since 1818; and who has passed a long, blameless, and consistent political life in the people's service. Sir Francis Baring, who equals Mr. Ellice in consistency, and who sat for Portsmouth before Catholic emancipation was passed, and still retains his seat, and the younger Lord Harry Vane, complete the list of figures on the left of the table, with the exception of Mr. Massey, the Chairman of Committees, who may be seen just behind Mr. Villiers.

We now take the central figures of the Speaker and the clerks of the House. Mr. Speaker Denison is of amiable disposition and gentlemanly bearing; and if the *suaviter in modo* were alone required in dealing with the turbulent and stormy passions sometimes evoked in the Assembly over which he presides, he would be a popular and efficient speaker. But great self-reliance and the *fortiter in re* are occasionally demanded from the Chair, and some shades of the weakness of temper which make him from time to time unequal to the occasion are not altogether concealed by Mr. Phillip's flattering pencil.

The three clerks are necessarily prominent objects in the picture. The Clerk of the House, Sir Denis le Marchant, on the spectator's left, has been cruelly treated by the artist, so that he is scarcely recognisable by his most intimate friends. The portrait of the clerk in the centre—Mr. Erskine May, C.B. (a son, we believe, of the late Lord Erskine, and author of a standard work on the "Law,

Practice, and Privileges of Parliament") is much more like the original. Mr. Ley, the last of a generation of clerks of the House—for three Leys, all bearing a strong family likeness, were for many years seen at that table—is the third, and the best likeness of the three.

"Her Majesty's Opposition" contains one well-known face—the first on the right of the table. It seems good for Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons to put on a mask, and to veil his thoughts under a heavy, impassive, not to say wooden look. It does not do for a party leader to "wear his heart upon his sleeve, for daws to peck at." An orator on the other side, whose glance fell upon a kindling eye or a meaning smile, would anticipate the coming retort, and ward off the shaft. So the Conservative leader in the Commons has cultivated a slow and solemn look with so much success, that he might be taken for a country gentleman whose soul is in his beevies, and who has no higher earthly wish than a little more rain for his turnips. This is the mock, factitious Disraeli. The real Disraeli was painted years ago for the title-page of his love-novels, when he was

"The wondrous boy
Who wrote Alroy."

He was then a dreamy, impulsive, poetical enthusiast. Afterwards came a later stage of development, when he adopted a political career, and made a late First Minister writhe under his brilliant lampoons. Mr. Phillip has with consummate skill combined these two phases of Mr. Disraeli's career. The eyes and upper part of the face indicate the poetry and pathos appertaining to the imaginative faculty, while the mocking smile on the lips betrays a Voltairean faculty of satire and sarcasm. Just such a smile was seen on his face one night before the Whitsuntide recess, when the Premier, alarmed at some defections behind him on the Churchward contract, summoned his Chancellor of the Exchequer and Frederick Peel to his side, and seemed to be hinting his doubts that their position was untenable, and had better be abandoned to avoid defeat. Disraeli, with curling lip and Mephistophilic expression, watched by turns the astute Premier and his earnest but indiscreet Chancellor of the Exchequer, who loves conflict, and appeared to argue against surrender. Such a face as Mr. Phillip has painted will illustrate many a biting and scathing passage in "Hansard," while it will give the political biographer a key to a certain excess of imagination which has been the cause of many of Mr. Disraeli's party failures, but which may yet be schooled down to success by the bitter practical lessons of experience.

The figure next to the leader of the Conservative Opposition is that of Lord Stanley, the politician in advance of his party in many points, behind them in none; the Minister of the future, of whom no one can predict whether he will lead the Conservative or the Liberal section. His reflective tendencies are aptly indicated by the thoughtful brow, the absence of self-consciousness, and the chin leaning upon the hand. Mr. Phillip has given some breadth and solidity to the features and frame of the heir of Knowsley; yet the likeness is satisfactory, and will, we may be sure, deeply interest the political quidnuncs of the twentieth century.

Next to Lord Stanley is General Peel, brother to the great Minister, and an efficient Secretary of State for War in the Derby Government. The General's face is somewhat coarse and heavy, and as great a contrast as can well be imagined to the refined, handsome, and intelligent features of the second baronet of his family. The artist has painted the General as wearing his hat.

Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton has much to thank the artist for. His face is as handsome and picturesque as a Spanish portrait by Velasquez, and as intellectual as any man of ancient family ought to look. Sir Edward's hand assists his ear, and he is therefore taken in his usual Parliamentary attitude of deep and strained attention.

Behind these and on the extreme right is the most characteristic face and perhaps the best portrait in the picture—Mr. Henley, in his high collared buff waistcoat. The face is radiant with shrewd sense. It is eminently English—the incarnation of practice as opposed to theory—the embodiment of the right honourable gentleman's favourite exclamation, "That is all very well, but how will this bill work?" Mr. Henley is looking at a bill, and if when he rises he is heard to say, "What do I find in this bill?" the author of the measure, if an independent member, may as well withdraw it at once. No living speaker excels Mr. Henley in homely, nervous, idiomatic English. In Committee on a bill nothing escapes his microscopic eye, and he is evidently scrutinizing the clauses of the measure before him, with wolfish and eviscerating intentions. There is, however, a slight anachronism in making Mr. Henley intent upon a bill, while the First Minister is recommending the House of Commons to look to the defences of the country, and not put too much faith in the intentions of the Emperor Napoleon. At such a time Mr. Henley would be seen listening intently, and manifesting, like Sir E. B. Lytton, a sluggish action of the aural nerve not unusual at his time of life.

The face next to Mr. Henley is highly prepossessing and comely. It is that of Mr. Walpole, who receded from the Derby Ministry with Mr. Henley. Mr. Walpole is surveying his right honourable friend, the member for Oxfordshire, with affectionate regard and admiration, and as if sympathizing with his views. Standing behind Mr. Disraeli on the second bench is seen Sir Hugh Cairns, as a debater superior, in the opinion of some, to Sir Roundell Palmer. Beyond him is Sir John Pakington, not very

strong in a hand to hand fight, but courteous and gentlemanly, and always ready to defend his party and his Admiralty administration.

Behind these Lord J. Manners is descending the gangway and leaning against the gallery, in which are seated in shadow the Speaker's old friends, Colonel Wilson Patten, who has so honourably distinguished himself in the Lancashire Relief Committee, and Mr. Sotheron Estcourt, the legislator upon friendly societies, a consistent politician, and most amiable man. The only figure that remains to be noted is that of Lord Charles Russell, brother to the first earl, the Serjeant-at-Arms to the House, who is awaiting the Speaker's orders on the left of the chair. As the first son and brother to a duke, who has thought it no degradation to carry the gold mace of the House of Commons before the Speaker, Lord Charles perhaps deserves a place in a picture of the House of Commons of 1860.

Altogether, with a few exceptions and drawbacks, Mr. Phillip has produced a most valuable historical picture, which is as remarkable for its mastery over the pictorial difficulties of the subject as for power of colour, vigour of handling, and fidelity of portraiture on a scale so small that it would have tasked the skill of the most successful portrait or miniature painter by profession. The painting is destined for the Speaker's house in the New Palace at Westminster. If it be not the right hon. gentleman's intention to leave it as an heir-loom on the walls for succeeding occupants of the chair, it may be hoped that he will bequeath it as a legacy to the National Gallery.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS.*

THE object of Dean Milman in producing a new edition of his already-celebrated "History of the Jews" is to effect a compromise between the violent extremes which for a short while appear likely to convulse the Church of England. He takes up no very new ground in the preface to this edition of his work, but states his old views with a clearness which is as remarkable as the courage with which he enters the ground of such fierce disputes. Though we cannot agree with the conclusions at which he has arrived, we may admire the spirit of candour in which he has attempted to clear away some of the difficulties which now appear to many so formidable.

Yet he seems to us to have advanced to a firmer conviction on many points than when, in the "History of Latin Christianity," he postponed the settlement of the limits of inquiry to the historian of a future generation. "How far" (he then said) "the Sacred Records may, without real peril to their truth, be subjected to closer investigation: what part of the ancient dogmatic system may be allowed silently to fall into disuse as at least superfluous, and as beyond the proper range of human thought and human language: to what wider interpretation, especially of the Semitic portion, those records may submit, and wisely submit, in order to harmonize them with the irrefutable conclusions of science: how far the poetic vehicle through which truth is conveyed may be gently severed from the truth; all this must be left to the future historian of our religion." This preface seems to infer that the circumstances of the day demand a more immediate application of the canon of criticism, and that it is now necessary to subject "the framework of these eternal truths" to fearless discussion. We do not propose to dogmatize on religious questions: still less to award the palm of ingenuity or daring to speculators more or less advanced; we shall therefore be content with clearly pointing out Dean Milman's positions. We will only add that he seems to go as far as the most liberal Churchmen could desire in concessions to the Rationalist school of interpretation.

The chief difficulties felt by him may be summed up thus: the date of the Pentateuch, the miracles of the Old Testament, and in a less degree the chronological and numerical questions, which appear so alarming and invincible to Bishop Colenso.

It is curious to see the difference in the effect of these last-named stumbling-blocks on minds of such different calibre as those of Dean Milman and the Bishop. While the latter is stunned by the discovery that contradictory conclusions may be reached in biblical history by a combination of arithmetical puzzles, Dean Milman calmly cuts the knot by postulating an "inveterate habit" in the Jews of swelling their numbers to "magnify their importance from a distinguished tribe to a powerful nation." This is an easy plan, but rather dangerous; a ready wit in getting over all knotty points by hypothetical statements must tend to produce a loose and shifting belief in anything which is not at the first moment apparent. In fact, a clever writer who adopted Dean Milman's scheme of compromise would perhaps gain the respect of his readers for his erudition and acuteness; but, in the words used by the Dean in discussing that bold critic Ewald, would be read with increasing wonder at his unparalleled ingenuity, his surpassing learning, and usually with decreasing conviction!

The point which the historian feels to be most difficult of attainment is a clear and "rational" account of the miracles of the Old Testament, and in his treatment of these his whole method is exemplified. He candidly states that the facts and the supernatural explanation must be accepted or rejected together,

* The History of the Jews from the Earliest Period down to Modern Times. By Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. Third edition, thoroughly Revised and Corrected. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street. 1863.

although in some cases the naked fact may be detected which underlies the "imaginative or marvellous language in which it is recorded." Impelled by a great dread of overloading the faith of the present day, he wishes to avoid resting a belief in Christianity on the argument from miracles. He points out that the ancient myths of Greece and Rome were once as universally believed as they are now explained away; "that the supernatural in all modern history has quietly receded or been relegated into the fanciful realm of fable;" that the mass of miracle is being continually purified and rationalised; and his conclusion is twofold, that the Scripture miracles are alone and isolated, and that temporary accidents of religion belonging to old worlds of thought and knowledge "will gradually fall away."

This will seem bold reasoning indeed to many who are doubting, bolder to the majority who do not doubt; but it is well worth our while to place clearly before the world the reasoning of the most venerable and the most learned leader of the Rationalist party in the Church of England.

The wanderings of the Israelites in the desert are described in this history without the tremendous appetite for disbelief which marks Bishop Colenso's work. Their numbers are reduced from a great nation to a formidable tribe. Canon Stanley's hypothesis of their dwelling in a fertile waste land around Sinai, the most fruitful part of the peninsula, among sufficient "wadies" and oases, to support their flocks is preferred to the belief that they lived miraculously in a wilderness: the arguments from the number of the first-born and the limited number of priests for such extensive duties are alluded to, but not pressed to absurd conclusions; and the general impression left on the reader's mind is, that most difficulties and many miracles are to be accounted for by natural reasons. For instance, the manna is stated to be abundant in those parts still; and a note adds that the curious fact has been observed, that unless boiled it would putrefy if kept for more than one day. In another place, the making sweet the waters of Marah by Moses is gently explained by this hint, viz., that the branches of certain trees probably make sweet waters impregnated with mineral salts by evolving oxalic acid!

The account of Balaam's ass is only inserted on the authority of Balaam, and the miracle of the sun and moon stayed in Ajalon he considers, with Mr. Newman, to be a quotation from an imaginative poem. Yet, he remarks, it would have been astonishingly sublime to have supposed the deities of the conquered people to be thus arrested in their career, and forced to witness the discomfiture and contribute to the extirpation of their worshippers.

We have now perhaps said enough to show the plan which Dean Milman adopts in describing these miracles: wherever it is possible to suggest natural causes at work, he hints an explanation; where the supernatural element is essential to the narrative, he examines the authority given for it, and as in the cases above-mentioned of Balaam and Joshua, seems to look for possible mistakes in the minds of the writers, or injudicious insertions by later restorers of the Pentateuch. In other cases he states the facts as recorded in the Bible without comment.

With regard to the date of the Pentateuch, he altogether rejects the German theory of its compilation in very late times, and firmly holds that it is very ancient indeed, though probably rearranged at a later date. As to the discrepancies in some of the minor statements of the books of Kings and Chronicles, we will quote his own words:—

"The Book of Kings is properly so called; the Book of Chronicles may be rather called the Books of the High Priests. Throughout there is a sacerdotal bias, . . . and this sacerdotalism becomes more manifest as the history darkens toward its close. The reason of this appears to be simple. From its own internal evidence, and from its words, the Chronicles cannot have been written before the Captivity, not before the time of Ezra, to which they descend. But at that time the high-priesthood was aspiring to the supremacy; it was gradually acquiring that kingly power which it afterwards assumed. The compiler, therefore (one, perhaps, of that order), would adopt that tradition, that version, that colouring of events which would give the sanction of antiquity or authority to these sacerdotal claims. This perhaps unconscious and hardly perceptible leaning does not necessarily imply either dishonesty or untruth. At that period the best and wisest Jews might look to the ascendancy of the religious power of the high priesthood as the only saving influence."

"Mr. Francis Newman sees throughout a latent conspiracy for the tyrannous elevation of the priestly order, and in the compiler of the Book of Chronicles, its artful and (it can hardly be ascribing too strong a word to Mr. Newman) mendacious apologist."

This passage will show the position which the Dean has taken, a post half-way between the bold theorisers, whose principles forbid them to treat the Sacred Writings in a different manner from the records of other ancient nations, and the large party which prefers to treat the history of the Jews as forbidden and holy ground. His theory demands our belief that the "keepers of the Oracles of God" were men of their age, and their books the books of their age; and that only as to "moral and religious truth" is the authority of the Scriptures infallible.

"They spoke what was the common belief of the time according to the common notion of things and the prevalent and current views of the world around them, just as they spoke the Aramaic dialect: it was part of the language; had they spoken otherwise it would have been like addressing their hearers in Sanskrit or English. This view has been sometimes expressed by the unpopular word *accommodation*—*a bad word, as it appears to imply art or design*, while it was merely the natural, it should seem inevitable, course of things."

In this paragraph we think that Dean Milman has pointed out a very common charge against the doctrine which he supports, and which readers of such addresses as the Bishop of Manchester's late charge to his clergy might think was well-founded—viz., that they impute art and design to the writers of the Sacred Record, in order to gain the attention of their age. Some late writers have advocated the audacious theory that the Hebrew prophets were merely men of political wisdom, content to sham inspiration that their political reforms might be carried out. As to these men, we stand on common ground with Dean Milman, and repudiate any belief in their hypotheses. We need not descant on the lucid arrangement of this history, or call for admiration at its learning, vigour, and profundity. The experience of thirty years has determined its high rank among works of this kind. But we have not space in a short article to do more than point out the character of the views supported in this first volume. Dean Milman lays down firmly and clearly all that he considers to be history; when to his eyes the subject takes a less historic form, "though it may, no doubt, contain much *latent history*," he prefers to leave it unexplained, and "*not to make it solid and substantial history*." We have no quarrel with any one for not attempting to solidify what is vague and floating; all that we beg and demand is that established history, sacred and profane, may not be recklessly rendered unsolid and unsubstantial.

(To be continued.)

PUNCH FOR 1851-2.*

THE year 1851 opened with rosy and pacific visions of the gathering of nations in Hyde Park, and closed with bloodshed and alarm. It was the year of the Great Exhibition, and of the *Coup d'Etat*. Never had there been such a holiday time as that golden summer; never such a meeting of diverse nationalities on the ground of a common pleasure and a common profit; never such a fair and likely prospect that the old days of mutual ignorance, blind prejudice, and brute force, would speedily give place to wider sympathies and larger knowledge. There was something really touching in the faith and hope with which men looked forward to the dawn. The great human family, so long divided by distance and soured by isolation, was to be reunited and reconciled beneath Paxton's crystal roof. The peoples were to exchange their commodities and be happy; to embrace each other and to war no more. Free Trade had inaugurated the Golden Age; the Great Exhibition was to confirm and glorify the work; and railways and submarine telegraphs would link the ends of the earth in bands of amity and progress. If we wanted any evidence that such was the state of feeling at the time, we need only consult the volume of *Punch* for 1851. Yet that very year commenced the new cycle of vastly augmented armaments, of a hitherto unparalleled elaboration of engines of destruction, of savage military rivalry between the Great Powers, of international war in the Old World, and of civil war in the New. The second half of the nineteenth century was indeed a turning-point in history, but it turned exactly in the contrary direction to that which we had anticipated. It was the threshold of gigantic disturbance. The 2nd of December was the farewell of repose; and from that time to this we have been arming, and drilling, and forming Volunteer Rifle corps, and increasing our army, and refashioning our navy, and building forts, and inventing artillery of wider range and deadlier powers than had ever been dreamt of before. The competition with France as to the relative size of our navies began in 1852, the initiative being taken by this country, avowedly in consequence of the establishment of a Bonaparte dictatorship across the Channel. For the same reason the Militia was revived, after an interval of many years; and in 1853, the camp at Chobham foreshadowed the permanent military settlement at Aldershot. It is wonderful how quickly men drifted away from the bright prospects of 1851. Yet we are far from saying that those prospects were at the time unwise, or unjustified by reasonable probabilities. They deserve at least to be treated with respectful tenderness. They simply anticipated with a somewhat too generous ardour what we all desire, hope for, and believe in, as the ultimate fruit of Christianity and civilization. Even now, girt about as we are with steel, it is good to remember that that is not the permanent condition of society, and that peace, though distant, is none the less a truth.

The holiday spirit of 1851 led in some measure to a truce in politics, and accordingly we find *Punch* in that year more busied with social manners and with the great subject of the day than with the strife of parties. Yet there was a Ministerial crisis in February, owing to the Government being beaten on Mr. Locke King's motion for extending the county franchise to £10, and to the bad reception of Sir Charles Wood's budget. The crisis, however, was of brief duration, and Lord John Russell's Cabinet managed to scrape through the session. There can be no doubt that its preservation was owing to the temporary absorption of politics in the interest excited by the International gathering; and *Punch*, in one of his cartoons, wittily represents "the Shipwrecked Ministers saved by the Great Exhibition Steamer." Lord John and his colleagues are huddled drearily together on a raft, to lighten which they have already thrown overboard all that they could spare. The sea is strewn with abandoned bills—Income Tax Adjustment, Extension of Suffrage, Spirit Duties Bill, Chancery Reform, &c. Sir Charles Wood feebly supports upon his lap a

carpet-bag labelled "Budget;" and others are sitting about in attitudes of listless despair. In the distance, the crystal ship comes gaily steaming up, and Lord John, mounted on a cask, is capering for joy. One of the chief political events of the year was the contest between the ultra-Protestants and the ultra-Papists over the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. Mr. *Punch*, as we observed last week, declared himself strongly on the Protestant side. When Lord John was supposed to have retreated somewhat from the high ground he assumed in his first speech on the subject, *Punch* published a caricature, in which the Premier is shown running away in mortal fright from Cardinal Wiseman's door, after chalking up "No Popery." The sketch is one of Mr. Leech's most spirited drawings, and it completely reflected the feeling of the time. Lord John, however, did not run away; the bill was carried, and has been a dead letter ever since. Wiseman and Dr. Cullen appear repeatedly throughout the two volumes for 1851, and the Puseyite follies of Belgravia are sharply satirized.

The inquiry into the alleged bribery of Mr. Jacob Bell at St. Albans, and Mr. Gladstone's renowned letter on the Neapolitan prisons (which, after a lapse of twelve years, is again the subject of discussion), furnished *Punch* with matter for many trenchant sallies. But, after all, the Exhibition was the thing. Exhaustless is the fun made out of the "Mosoos," the Italians, the Germans, the Greeks, the Hindoos, the Chinese, the Red Indians, and other outlandish beings, gathered in a motley crowd in the streets of London. They bivouac in the park the night before the opening of the wondrous building; they hire drawing-rooms, and turn them into dormitories; they bewilder chamber-maids by giving orders in a polyglot of tongues; they astonish the natives by the strangeness of their manners and their inability to speak English. A party of Frenchmen pause before a washing-stand displayed by a broker, and speculate as to the name and uses of so strange a "machine;" the only decided opinion on the subject being that it is "drôle." A bearded and bowing Gaul approaches an agricultural excursionist and his sweetheart, and, with profuse gesticulation, inquires, in French, whether he is to turn to the right, or to the left, or to go straight on, to arrive "à Peek-a-Peek-a-deelee;" by which, as Mr. Leech very properly explains, he means Piccadilly. The utter astonishment and entire submersion of the agricultural lady and gentleman may, as lazy novelists say, be better imagined than described; but Mr. Leech's pencil has rendered the scene to the very life. In the midst of all this riot of fun, we come across one or two facts which we had forgotten in the lapse of twelve years, and which strike us as strangely as the most grotesque of Mr. Leech's fancies. We are reminded that Colonel Sibthorpe was so fiercely opposed to Prince Albert's scheme, that he said in Parliament it was "his duty to his God" not to enter the building in Hyde-park; and in this duty he persevered to the last. One of *Punch*'s cartoons with reference to the opening of the Exhibition recalls the fact that in 1851 we were as much behindhand as in 1862. The scene is in Paxton's palace of glass. Everything lies about in disorder. Britannia, in a bedgown, is setting up candles. Little John Russell, as the greengrocer who goes out waiting at evening parties, is standing by with his bundle in his hand, and his umbrella under his arm; and the floor is strewed with miscellaneous articles. To them enters Prince Albert, frightened and flustered, hurriedly tearing on his best coat, and exclaiming, "Oh, mum! Please, mum! here's a to do! Here's all the company come, and the street's full of carriages and brooms—and there's such a row!—and the candles isn't lighted, nor the supper ready, nor the man dressed who's to wait, nor the music—nor nothing!" To increase the horror, a French gentleman is just seen coming in at the door, making his preliminary bow. The frightful anticipations which some people formed of the Exhibition are also the occasion of much pleasant drollery. It was gravely feared by the nervous, in the spring months of 1851, that England would be conquered by the foreigners who were expected at the world's fair; that the Red Republicans of the Continent would form an alliance with our own Chartists (then just dying out), sack the Bank, abolish monarchy and the House of Lords, pull down the churches, and establish a new state of things, founded on communism and infidelity. Towards the autumn, the agitation to retain the Exhibition building in Hyde-park set in strongly, and was as strongly opposed by the aristocratic circles, who thought the park would be vulgarised and spoilt. Mr. *Punch*, regardless of his opinions in the previous year, championed the retention of Paxton's work; but, as we all know, championed it in vain.

There was another agitation in that autumn of 1851—the attempt on the part of a few female reformers to effect a revolution in the costume of women. A Mrs. Colonel Bloomer, an American, had adopted, and had induced many others of her sex to adopt, a sort of Oriental garb, consisting of a short frock girdled round the middle, a pair of wide Turkish trousers, and a large planter's hat, or a hat of the cavalier shape, plumed and ornamented. The dress was certainly pretty, and in many respects very sensible and convenient; but it did not "take" our sober English minds. Some few women had the courage to sport the new fashion, even in public; but it was made the butt for so much ridicule, and so soon became identified with ladies of questionable character, who donned it for the sake of attracting attention, that it disappeared in the course of a very few months. But the subject was a god-send to *Punch*. Coming in the dull season following the close of the Exhibition, when there was little else to write about, it furnished abundant material for fun, literary and pictorial. "Bloomerism," as it was called, was the chief talk of the town for several weeks. *Punch*'s typical Bloomer is the fast and strong-minded young lady, or

sometimes elderly lady, but more commonly the former. If elderly, she talks of woman's rights, and of defying the conventionalities of society. If young, she is a ravishing creature, whom we doat upon in the midst of all her pranks. In her exquisite frock and "petticoats," as the lower garments were called, her dainty little collars, and her saucy hat, she swaggered into the streets, perhaps smoking a cigar, or flourishing a cane; lounges about the park, looking at the men; drives her intended out in a cabriolet, with a smart little Bloomer page behind; "proposes" to the weaker sex, asks the papa for his consent, or elopes with the beloved—he modestly hanging back, and weeping a farewell to the parental dwelling; she urging him on by the force of her superior will. Everywhere we find her taking the place of the man—as the proctor of a female university, as the conductor of omnibuses where the men ride inside and the women outside, as the baker's assistant flirting with the footman while he scrubs the doorstep, as a jockey, as a policeman, and as the most charming of grenadier guardsmen. Before this constant fire of ridicule, Bloomerism succumbed; but in 1852 the ladies had a fashion of wearing garments something like men's waistcoats; and the Bloomer hat lasts to this day, and does not seem very likely to go out.

Politics revived towards the close of 1851. The landing in England of Kossuth, after being refused a passage through France, excited the political sympathies of Englishmen to a degree of fervour not often seen among us; and *Punch* was vehement in behalf of the great Magyar. He even went so far as to hint that there was something discreditable in our not giving military assistance to the oppressed nationalities. Hungary, in short, occupied the position that Poland occupies now; but there was far more enthusiasm. For some time, Kossuth and Bloomerism almost divided the pages of *Punch*; but in December both were swallowed up in the maelstrom of the *Coup d'Etat*. The caricatures and articles relating to that event are peculiarly interesting, now that nearly twelve years of Napoleonic rule have enabled us to judge its character with something of the calmness of history. Mr. *Punch* certainly did not prove himself a good prophet on that occasion. His leading idea was that the new state would be very short-lived—that it had no foundation in the popular will, and was simply the result of lawless power and brute ruffianism. The large illustration which completes the volume for 1851 is entitled "A Beggar on Horseback, or the Brummagem Bonaparte out for a Ride." Louis Napoleon, mounted on a wild and heady horse, with a blood-dripping sword in his right hand, and pistols at the holsters, is seen careering over the dead and mangled bodies of a man and a woman. Behind are three of his marshals, stern, savage, and moody, looking up with something of awe into the heavens, as if they despaired the coming retribution. The Dictator himself glances loweringly to the left hand. To the right, an old, battered, and drooping finger-post, with a red hand on it, points "to Glory;" but straight before the horse, though unnoticed by his rider, yawns a black abyss. With glaring eye-balls, the animal plunges on; another stride will carry him over the edge of the cliff. The Dictator sees nothing of what lies in front of him; and you clearly perceive that in the revision of the artist (Mr. Leech) the end is nigh at hand. The conception and execution are truly grand and poetical; but the idea was a mistake, though not an unnatural one. In the volume for 1852, Louis Napoleon is represented by anticipation, seeking the shores of this country as an exile in 1853. At the end of 1852, however, the Dictator became Emperor; but *Punch* was still recalcitrant. Through the whole of that year, a perfect lava-flood of gibes, sarcasms, and fiery invectives rolled out against the man who was said to have destroyed liberty in France, though the liberty was never till then acknowledged to exist, excepting for about three or four months in 1848. Yet such was undoubtedly the popular opinion of the time. Then came the alarm of a French invasion, with respect to which *Punch* did not seem as if he could quite make up his mind, for he sometimes laughed at and sometimes encouraged it. But, on the whole, he was in favour of increased national defences. The year, however, had other subjects of interest, which engaged a good deal of the satirist's attention. It saw the first Derby-Disraeli Government, and the last struggle for the restoration of Protection; and it was the final year of European peace. In the autumn, the Duke of Wellington, who represented the old era of war, passed away; and the new era of war—the era of rifled guns and armour-plated ships—was just beginning to fling its vague premonitory shadows across the darkening face of nations. The difference even between 1852 and 1849 is marked. When we have advanced to 1853-4, we shall find still more plainly indicated the contrast between the old quiet times before the revolutionary convulsions of 1848, and the epoch of trouble and turmoil, yet of larger hopes, which has succeeded to that treacherous calm.

NICCOLO MARINI.*

This is, on the whole, a most creditable specimen of the modern English-Italian novel. Madame de Staél long since showed what an effect might be produced by bringing together two lovers, one English, the other Italian, upon Italian ground,—by placing in contrast the manners, tastes, and feelings of the two nations, and interweaving in her tale descriptions of the glories of Roman art and antiquities, painted with all the enthusiastic sentimentalism of

* Niccolò Marini, Parker, Son, & Bourn.

that day. In more recent times a similar vein has been largely worked. The author of "Doctor Antonio" gave us a perfectly charming Italian man in love with a high-bred young English lady, whose broken leg he cures and whose heart he wins; though her father, a proud and pompous old baronet, and her brother, an obnoxious and noisy "plunger," put the idea of a proposal of marriage out of the question. Here, besides the glorious scenery of the Riviera, the social state and the political throes of Italy before 1848 (and not art or antiquities) form the natural background of the picture. In "Lavinia," again, the hero, a young Roman painter, becomes engaged to the beautiful, accomplished, and spoiled English heroine. They part, and each goes through great trials. The scene changes to England, to Paris, to the Crimea; till they meet again, she a hospital nurse, he a wounded Sardinian soldier, at Scutari. But still the struggle for Italian liberty and nationality runs through the story. The last phase of the Italian novel is the Neapolitan phase. The central character of the piece is a Neapolitan nobleman, and he is an atrocious villain. Either he succeeds in marrying the charming English heiress and heroine, whose woes and persecutions by her husband, the priest, and the mother-in-law, form the staple of the story, as in the tale of "Court Life at Naples," published some two years ago; or else, as in the book before us, his machinations, his shifts, his wooings, and his iniquities cause the main interest; while Naples life, scenery, revolutions, and dungeons fill in the canvas; and the heroine, after consent, and in act of flight, is saved by the good angel of the tale, while her lover comes to a bad and sudden end.

There is certainly no want of incident about "Niccolò Marini." The plot is good on the whole, and not ill worked out. It has improbabilities, which, on looking back after the book is read, seem quite absurd and outrageous. But, just as in "East Lynne" and "The Woman in White," the story is told well enough to make them pass muster at the time. They go down, and are swallowed unconsciously. As long as this is the case, the reader will not, nor should, perhaps, the critic, require more. We live in a "sensation" epoch; and novels, as farces have long since done, are acquiring a vested right to be built on a groundwork of sheer impossibility.

The novel opens (like the *Promessi Sposi*) with a description of the *intérieur* of Padre Ottavio, the priest of a small town in North Italy. The padre is suddenly summoned to the bedside of a dying stranger in a lone house outside the town. Pepino, before dying, confesses that he has come to the town for the purpose of acting the part of priest in a sham-marriage between an Italian gentleman and a young English girl who has run away with him; which sham-marriage is to take place next morning. The good father, after a night of agonizing deliberation, at length decides that the only hope of palliating the mischief about to take place is to appear as Pepino's substitute and to marry the seducer to the girl in good earnest. Accordingly he disguises himself, keeps Pepino's appointment with the seducer at the inn at six next morning, says he is commissioned by Pepino, who is dangerously ill, to take his place, and acts his part so well, that within half an hour the unsuspecting seducer and the innocent maiden have been formally married in the Church, which "my friend, the Sacristan, promised to leave open," and the certificate has been duly signed. The Benedict *malgré lui*, and his bride, drive off as they came, and are heard of no more.

The scene shifts to "Lady B.'s reception" at Naples. Here Baron Niccolò Marini is introduced, a little out at elbows of course, but noble in birth, perfect in breeding and manners, a favourite with women, the idol of society, and with all the world at his feet. The character is well drawn and well kept up. There are no sickening details of a filthy Neapolitan interior contrasting with his brilliant appearance in society. The man is a gentleman in birth and in habits; only by degrees it dawns on one that he is a schemer, an unscrupulous intriguer, a ruined gambler, a spy, a poisoner, and a double-dyed traitor. The Baron has just come from his first introduction to three charming Englishwomen newly arrived at the Hotel V. Foremost of these is Geraldine Leslie, the beautiful young widow of Arthur Leslie, rector and proprietor of Starfield. She is drawn something in the type of David Copperfield's Dora, a child with little sense or ballast, but most lovable; needing and submitting to guidance, and yet wilful and fond of her own way. Pining at first for her husband, she goes abroad for change with Laura Leslie, her husband's sister, to whose care he has commended her on his deathbed. At Florence they renew acquaintance with a Count Antonelli, who had married in former years Laura's sister Julia. Antonelli is re-married to a Florentine. But there is a daughter of the first marriage, an Italian Giulia, whom the aunts find grown into a lovely *spirituelle* young lady, who sings divinely, adores Art, and is the Corinne of the book. She consents to accompany the two aunts to Naples, glad probably to escape a stepmother. The Count commands them to the care of his friend Baron Marini, who will show them all the world of Naples. Here is a great chance for Marini. Charmed with the society of the trio of ladies, charmed with the wit and face, and above all, the fortune of the widow, he determines to win her, and thenceforth he will purge, he thinks, and live cleanly. Assiduous in his attentions, he is soon in the good graces of Geraldine. But Laura and Giulia both dislike him. The former, late one night, after the Baron has left them, overhears a conversation on the stairs between him and Geraldine's Swiss maid. He seems to be tampering with her, and gives her money. Troubled at this, Laura hesitates to divulge her suspicions till they are better founded. It may be only a flirtation with the maid.

Meanwhile, Marini is in deep pecuniary distress. After a night with a secret gambling club at the Café C., a certain Giulio Santoro, whose debtor he is, and who, from some mysterious hold he has obtained over Marini, has him completely in his power, presses for his money, and, as a condition of a six weeks' renewal of a bill, insists on an introduction to the English widow. The time is short. Santoro, doubly dangerous, must be got rid of. But how? An occasion soon offers. In the same room where the gambling club meet, a meeting is to take place in a few evenings of a number of liberal conspirators. Marini, who affects outwardly to keep aloof from politics, and to be merely a man of the world, but is really a government spy, attends these meetings, pretending to be a patriot. Receiving notice of this one, he answers that he cannot go himself, but that Santoro has made up his mind to join the conspiracy, and will be there as his substitute. To Santoro he writes that the gambling club meets that night, and that he must not fail. Santoro, wholly ignorant of the conspiracy, enters to gamble, and finds himself in the midst of a treasonable meeting. The door is locked, and the proceedings have just commenced, when the police, sent of course through Marini's information, break in and carry off the ringleaders, and with them the protesting Santoro, to King Bomba's dungeons.

It happens that the ladies have made a night expedition up Vesuvius, now in eruption. Marini is not with them. The wilful Geraldine must needs go up the "inner cone." A shower of stones hurled in the air descends on her foot and disables her at the very top. Here appears, as a *Deus ex machina*, the hero, Frank Percival, who introduces himself as a friend of her late husband, offers his services, and carries her down in his arms. Frank Percival, a jolly, laughing young Englishman, becomes of course intimate with the trio of ladies. He and Marini, between whom there is a mutual dislike, become equally *enfants de famille* at the Hotel V. His story is a strange one. Engaged by his parents from a child to his first cousin, Minnie Percival, the only daughter of a widower uncle, he went to the bar till he should have funds to marry. But Minnie, sent abroad with a French governess for education, ran away with a foreigner, and she, her governess, and her husband, have disappeared, and all trace is lost of them. The disconsolate father, who has since had a fortune left him, looking upon his child as dead, adopts his nephew, Frank, and turns him from a briefless barrister into a gentleman at large, with a yacht and a thousand a year. Frank's heart is by no means broken. He enjoys life and the society of the three ladies. The yacht is in great request. In it they go to Posillipo, Marini with them, and Giulia sings on the water. With her especially Frank is always thrown. They are always having some laughing dispute or practising some duet together. But here the course of true love runs by no means smooth. Poor Giulia conceives a desperate devouring Southern passion for Frank. She herself is the cause of a like passion in a certain Count P. His passionate proposal to her on a terrace after a dance at a fancy ball, and his despairing retreat, are as good as anything in the book. At the same ball Marini makes great play with Geraldine. They have already reached the stage of whispered confidences, and her miniature, painted for her former husband, about this time disappears from her dressing-case. A few days after the ball, the ladies who have been early to a picture-gallery find, on their return, barricades rising and the fight of the 15th May, 1848, begun. Marini is seized by a former comrade and forced, by threats and demands of "Where is Santoro?" to desert Geraldine and fight on a barricade. Of course, the ladies are rescued by Frank and his German servant, John, but not before Giulia and Laura have stood for hours in peril on the steps of a church, and the former has seen the dead body of her poor lover, Count P., carried by on a litter. Now comes the crisis of Marini's fate. Not only has he to explain his strange conduct to Geraldine, but next day a mysterious letter arrives from the country, signed "Lorenzo P.", and complaining "that his Excellency has not sent the quarterly allowance, and that the poor signora has made two attempts to escape." The latter trouble he meets by sending off money and a present of fruit and vegetables, with a packet of figs mysteriously prepared by his own hands in a dark closet, specially for the "povera Signora." He then boldly appears before Geraldine, and so skilfully uses the advantages of the attitude of a suppliant for forgiveness that she who begins by receiving him coldly sends him away, to all intents and purposes, an accepted lover.

This state of things is surmised both by Frank and by Laura, from Marini's confident manner and Geraldine's disquiet and reserve. At this moment, Frank is recalled home by the news that his uncle is dying. He proposes to Laura that they should all accompany him, so as to save Geraldine from Marini. But it is clear she will not consent to leave Naples at present. Frank meanwhile has himself fallen furiously in love, and cannot go without making his declaration. After a sleepless night he rushes to the hotel, and having sought an interview with Giulia begins his story. They are interrupted by Laura, and Giulia retires to enjoy the luxury of knowing that her love is returned. Meantime Frank, in the room below, is proposing to Laura! It was only as a confidante that he wished to speak to Giulia. This episode is cleverly contrived. Poor Giulia, broken-hearted, returns home to Florence, and ends by taking the veil. The virtuous Laura, however, though she likes Frank, cannot marry as long as her charge over Geraldine is unfulfilled. And with this unsatisfactory answer Frank must go and leave her to her troubles. Luckily a second letter comes, announcing that the uncle has died and has left all his fortune to Frank. He can now remain, and is persuaded to join a college friend, Crawley, who turns up in an expedition to Paestum. On

their way back the carriage breaks down, and they are detained twenty-four hours at the remote village of Eboli. There is no inn, and the travellers with difficulty get taken in for the night at a wretched house outside the town, called the "Casa della Pazzarella." There is clearly a mystery about this house. In the middle of the night the sleepless Frank, wandering about the passages with a cigar, hears the groans and cries of an imprisoned woman. He bursts into the room, and finds in it his long-lost cousin Minnie. She is delirious, but recognizes him in her ravings, from which and from a journal she has kept it appears that she has been shut up here by an Italian, whom she believes to be her husband, but who has told her that they are not lawfully married; that she has had a child "Christy," who has been taken from her; and that for some time she and her husband lived at Portici. Her husband she calls "Cola." Of course he turns out to be Marini, and the two are the mysterious couple of the opening of the story. But Frank has no means of knowing who her betrayer is. He cross-examines Lorenzo and his wife, who are in charge of Minnie, and for a large bribe they (falsely) give him the name of their master as Santoro! They tell him, however, that the child was taken away by a certain one-eyed donkey-driver of Portici; and they have a story of certain poisoned figs which came for the signora, but which only made ill the messenger who tasted them, and killed a cat on which they were tried. Minnie is put in charge of the servant John, and Frank hunts out all the Santoros of Naples. But now the priest, Ottavio, of the first chapter, appears on the scene. He has been driven by the troubles from his native town in North Italy, and has come to Naples, where he is thrown into a dungeon on suspicion. Here he finds Santoro, and hears the story of his treacherous incarceration by Marini. Released on proof of his innocence, the priest seeks Marini, and, armed with this knowledge and with the marriage certificate, threatens him with exposure and destruction unless, within three days, Santoro is released. Marini, driven to bay, seizes a pistol and rushes at the priest. But in so doing he knocks over the lamp. The pistol goes off in the dark, and the priest escapes. Frank has heard nothing of this. But meanwhile he has brought to Portici Minnie, whose mind is now returning, and has made over to her, by a deed, her father's fortune. At length, in pursuance of his researches, he hears of Giulio Santoro confined in the dungeons of Ischia. By moving heaven and earth, Frank gets leave for an interview of fifteen minutes under the jailor's eyes. The poor wretch, Santoro, brutalized by long confinement in a filthy hole below the sea-level, after repeated cross-questioning about a young English lady who lived with an Italian nobleman at Portici, at length brightens with a look of intelligence, and produces a worn paper from the lining of his shoe. This is the very thing Frank is in search of; it is a copy of the certificate of Minnie's marriage with Marini. Hastening back to Naples to save Geraldine from the fate of bigamy, he finds the bird is flown. Marini has made good use of his three days. They have been off eight hours on the road to Rome. Frank pursues at once, and hears that a priest and two police-officers are already on the same track. The quarry is run into at the hotel at Mola. While Frank is confronted with Marini and expostulates with Geraldine, the priest and officers enter to arrest Marini. The latter, seeing the game is up, dashes at the priest quick as thought, and stabs him dead with a stiletto. He then quietly yields himself to the officers. Geraldine falls dangerously ill at Mola, is nursed by Laura, and ultimately dies. Her English doctor, like the messenger of a Greek play, tells Laura the story,—some time after it has occurred,—how Marini, on his way back to Naples, got leave from the officers to walk up a hill, and destroyed himself by springing over a precipice at the road-side. Frank has meanwhile been taking good care of Minnie, and restores her to happiness by discovering her little son "Christy" among a lot of fishermen's children at Portici. The child has been taken to the hospital of the Annunziata, and thence adopted, "for love of the Madonna," by a fisherman's wife. And now Frank, with Minnie, and Laura separately return to England; but their marriage seems as far off as ever; for Frank, having restored her fortune to his cousin, is now penniless. He has just begun to despair, when a lawyer's letter arrives, informing him that "Mrs. Geraldine Leslie, of Starfield," before dying, made a will, by which she left him all her property. The curtain drops upon the marriage of Frank and Laura and their happy home at Starfield, where German John marries a farmer's daughter, and Crawley, the old friend, is installed as a model church-restoring, self-denying rector.

Such is the story of "Niccolò Marini." It is all put into two volumes, and not spread over three. This is a great merit. Many of the situations have much ingenuity; and some scenes, such as that in the dungeon at Ischia, are described with much power. The dialogue, often natural, is sometimes theatrical, and sometimes sinks into twaddle. The chief interest, like that of "Paradise Lost," centres in the Satan of the piece. Geraldine and Giulia, too, are interesting characters; but Frank and Laura, hero and heroine, are both tremendously virtuous and rather insipid. Why should the hero talk a quantity of twaddle about "extracting sunshine from a cucumber" (the four last words form the heading of a chapter), which seems to mean "being jolly under creditable circumstances"? Why should he address his father in a patronizing way, as "dear old Pater"? Why should he, when talking with three ladies as to the characters in which they shall go to a fancy ball, propose to go "as Sarpedon carried away by Sleep and Death"? Why should he utter occasionally a jest almost worthy of Lord Dundreary, which, however, is meant to pass as very good fun? Why, above all, in his conversations with Giulia, whose surname is Antonelli,

and long after he has known her intimately, should he go on calling her "Miss Torrelli"?

As for improbabilities, the opening incident, on which all hinges, is impossible. The priest would not have performed the marriage; nor would the seducer have been tricked by him. Minnie and her governess would hardly have disappeared so completely and suddenly. Nor would the father so easily have left his daughter to her fate. Minnie's journal, by which Frank discovers much of her history, would hardly have been allowed by Marini to exist. Her son, "little Christy," would hardly have been discovered by Frank Percival when playing, half naked, on the shore with a heap of children, merely from his likeness to Marini, his father. Still, when all is said, "Niccolò Marini" is a striking book, and doubtless will be, as it deserves to be, popular. When so much is done well, one regrets the more to find particular passages or dialogues which altogether fall short of what goes to make up a really first-rate novel. There is much good stuff in the book; and the characters, not too numerous, have at any rate the merit of standing out distinct and well defined. It is to be hoped the writer will avoid such insipidities and instances of bad taste as those we have pointed out, in any future attempt.

PARSON AND PEOPLE.*

If there be those who know so little of the Church or of the people of England as to fancy that the work of a parson in his parish is chiefly to read a sermon and a liturgy to the Sunday congregation, we beg them to peruse this modest and simple narrative of pastoral experience. The author seems, indeed, less desirous to make known the amount and variety of his own labours, than to show the willingness of his parishioners in their joint efforts to maintain the religious and benevolent institutions of the district. But to those who happen to be acquainted with the places either of his former or of his present ministry, it is needless for us to say that they present a very fair example of the social usefulness of our clergy within the sphere of parochial exertion. The subdivision for Church purposes of the great parish of St. Pancras, in that reform of the ecclesiastical distribution of London which Bishop Blomfield undertook, has produced in the last twenty or thirty years several flourishing district parishes, amongst which one of the best-managed has been that of the Holy Trinity, Haverstock-hill. Mr. Spooner describes its form as a triangle, enclosed by two main roads (the Hampstead-road and the Kentish Town-road, meeting at the "Red Cap" in Camden Town), together with a third road which connects them, extending from the Chalk Farm Gate eastward for a quarter of a mile. Small, tidy, respectable-looking houses, with little gardens in front and behind, line the quiet side streets of this suburb; and its population, numbering about eleven thousand, consists partly of middle-class families living in a very moderate style, partly of well-paid skilled workmen, and partly of the poorer sort, who lodge with their wives and children too often in a single room. While, therefore, when Mr. Spooner became the incumbent, this parish contained a certain share of poverty and destitution, it had no rich inhabitants. There was not such a thing as a private carriage or a livery servant kept in the whole place, except one or two kept by surgeons for their professional occasions. If Mr. Spooner thus dwells upon the limited amount of worldly wealth possessed by the members of his congregation, it is to enhance the merit of their unfailing contributions towards the expenses of the church and schools and other good works. Upon more than one occasion he did indeed receive a donation of 100*l.* from a large employer of labourers in the parish; but generally the requisite funds were supplied in dribs and drabs, as it were, by the gifts of people to every one of whom, as he says, a sovereign was really an object; and the shillings or pence dropped into the boxes held at the door after service, amounting in one year to £240, formed a most important part of the income of the different parochial establishments. Mr. Spooner humorously avows himself "a begging parson," and makes out a very clear case in justification of this practice. We believe that in few instances has the power of the voluntary principle, for the support of the Church of England as well as of Dissenting communities, been proved in a more satisfactory way, than in the "suburban parish" whose history he relates. The late Rev. David Laing, having in 1847 been appointed by Canon Dale, then vicar of St. Pancras, to be the first minister of this district, was able by such means, in about eight years previous to his being succeeded by Mr. Spooner, not only to raise up the fabric of the Church itself, but to furnish the very complete and efficient set of institutions surrounding it, which are perfectly well adapted to the wants of the district. As we recollect the extraordinary demonstrations of popular respect which attended the funeral of that good man, three or four years ago,—when most of the shops in the parish were closed, and a procession of five thousand mourners followed his bier to the grave,—we are pleased to find that Mr. Spooner here gives a sketch of his career, heartily bearing testimony to his many virtues. It appears, amongst other things, that Mr. Laing, after the building of the church, which was opened in 1850, charged himself personally with the building debt, and thus sacrificed the whole of his income from seat-rents, although his private fortune was but small. He was particularly remarkable

* Parson and People; or, Incidents in the Everyday Life of a Clergyman. By the Rev. Edward Spooner, M.A., Vicar of Heston, Middlesex. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

for the great assiduity and amiability with which he visited a very large number of his parishioners at their own houses, while he discharged with equal industry all the other duties of his office. Few men in London, we think, holding the same position as Mr. Laing, have better deserved that their names should be kept alive in the remembrance of their neighbours. A considerable part of what Mr. Spooner relates, concerning the happy state of the church and its successful operations in this parish, may be viewed as a monument to the memory of Mr. Laing, though it is no less certain that upon his retirement from the ministry, which took place two or three years before his death, his plans were continued and worked out by Mr. Spooner with great energy, and with a very sound judgment.

We must proceed, however, to notice rather more in detail the parochial agencies which the author of this volume himself superintended for the comfort and improvement of the people under his care. The church itself, a commodious and not inelegant structure, adorned with a spire, contains 1,500 sittings, of which 600 are free; and there are no pews, but open benches. Mr. Spooner dislikes the system of private boxes in a church; and he tells, with much glee, the story of a little child who, being asked one Sunday where she had been, replied, "I have been in a cupboard in surch with Aunt Barby." The National School-house, which stands hard by, served also for the Sunday schools of boys, girls, and infants; there were several other Sunday schools and night schools, with the two ragged schools, for one of which a special building, likewise used as a chapel, was erected in Ferdinand-place. Three arches of the North London Railway were successively enclosed and occupied by the institutions belonging to Mr. Spooner's church; one of them being used for a girls' night-school, and for Bible classes on Sundays; whilst another was converted into a snug reading-room and library, open to everybody for a penny, or to subscribers for eighteenpence a quarter; and the adjoining arch was fitted up for a lecture-room, meeting-room, or concert-room, where lectures upon various subjects of instruction and entertainment, or readings and recitations, or the public performances of an amateur music class, might beguile the winter evenings. Besides these local institutions, Mr. Spooner tells us of the District Visiting Society, the ladies of which, paying 25,000 visits to the houses of the poor in the course of one year, consoled a vast deal of misery; the Provident Fund, or Parish Savings' Bank, which allowed interest at the rate of a shilling in the pound for money not withdrawn till Christmas; the Provident Dispensary for sickness; the Infant Nursery, for the care of children whose mothers are obliged to work away from home; the Ladies' Fund for the relief of poor women in childbirth; the Working Men's Auxiliary to Scripture Readers; and the Children's Sick Fund. Here is a goodly list of the different operations of Christian charity in connection with a single district church! The Children's Sick Fund was a very pretty notion. In the girls' night school a small committee of eight children was entrusted with any small sums of money that might be given for that purpose, to be expended by them, under proper direction, in purchasing any little delicacies of food, which, cooked very nicely by their own little hands, they might carry to the bedsides of the sick. The object of the Working Men's Auxiliary was to bring men to meet together for the study of the Bible and religious conversation, as well as to provide, by their own subscriptions, for the employment of a second Scripture reader. A set of "Daily Prayers for the Week" has been written and printed by some of these men, the initials of whose names, with their trades and callings—as cabman, coal-porter, sawyer, railway platelayer, and policemen—were appended to the publication. But we should find it rather difficult to enumerate all the specific channels through which the spirit of piety and philanthropy takes its outflow from the centre of social worship and brotherhood in a well-conducted parish. The clergyman—or, as Mr. Spooner prefers to style himself, the parson—of this parish has very multifarious occupations in stimulating, guiding, or controlling these proceedings; as well as in his private intercourse with the people, in addition to the regular and formal services, both at stated periods and upon accidental occasions, which he is called upon to discharge. Mr. Spooner gives us some idea of the diversity of applications for his aid or counsel, which used to assail him at those hours when he waited in the vestry to see all comers—one wanting merely his signature to a certificate for some pension or annuity, one begging for his intercession with the police magistrate to get a naughty boy sent to the reformatory, one desiring help to emigrate to British Columbia, others seeking to pour into his ear a tale of domestic sorrow, or of a difficult case of conscience, or of the deepest spiritual struggles. He has, with the assistance of his curates, on one Wednesday morning, between ten and twelve o'clock, thus met and given audience to from seventy to a hundred persons. Nor is this all: in seasons of distress, as we know, the parson has to act as a sort of relieving officer and supernumerary guardian of the poor, in dispensing the bounty of parishioners and others mercifully inclined. Mr. Spooner has, in a severe winter, had nearly a hundred applicants in one morning for relief coming to his vestry, which was open for that purpose, during the worst exigency, every day for one hour; besides giving away much, of course, through the district visitors. The best method was found to be the giving of tickets inscribed with an order upon any one of several local tradesmen for a certain quantity of food or other necessities of life. Hospital tickets likewise proved the means of relieving many painful cases of sickness aggravated by destitution; and the Convalescent Hospital is especially recommended, as a blessing to the

poor. But we have not the space to complete this outline of the picture, filled up with so many interesting touches, which Mr. Spooner has drawn of the manifold benevolent activity going on in a London suburban parish. The great fact to which he most eagerly bears testimony, is the readiness of laymen and their wives, in every class of society, to help a parson who was really trying to do his duty. Their operations were, of course, directed by their respective committees, which, in the parish we speak of, have latterly been merged into one church committee, under Mr. Spooner's successor. One evening, at a tea-party of the district visitors and school-teachers, as many as one hundred and twenty voluntary labourers in this moderate-sized town parish were assembled. So much for the district church of Trinity, Haverstock Hill. Mr. Spooner, for obvious reasons, does not enter quite so freely into particulars with regard to the parish of Heston, near Hounslow, which is the scene of his present labours,—a large, straggling rural parish, with a rough population of brickmakers, much scattered at a distance from the church. He does tell us, however, that he has now been there two years; and in this time, with the cordial aid of his new neighbours, the chapel-school has been erected at a cost of £420, the parsonage has been rebuilt, the churchyard has been enlarged, the fine ancient church is about to be restored, and an iron chapel is to be set up among the brickmakers,—so that the "begging parson," by whom Mr. Laing's enterprise in Camden Town was carried on as we have seen, bids fair to create in the wilds of West Middlesex another model parish. In the meantime, we heartily recommend his pleasant, unaffected, and sensible little book. It contains many pathetic, and some very amusing, anecdotes of the domestic life and habits of the poor in town and country, for whose benefit he has so indefatigably and wisely laboured.

CAPTAIN DANGEROUS.*

MR. SALA has given us in this book just what the title, old-fashioned in its stimulating catalogue of particulars, promises,—a real tale, every part of it alive and bristling with incident and adventure. It is not a novel, the main theme of which must be love-making; and love-making forms no part of these strange adventures, indeed is rarely and only briefly alluded to. The tale is such a one as boys like; and, for all they may pretend to the contrary, men and women too. The uniformity and monotony of most human lives becomes at times burdensome and oppressive; escape, except in rare instances, is impossible; but relief may be had through the exercise of the imagination, and one of the best helps is a good tale. Action must form the substance of it, sentiment and scene-painting must hold a very subordinate place. Presenting to us an eventful life or lives strongly contrasted with our own, it breaks, for the time, the chains that confine us within the narrow limits, lifts us out of dim-lighted cells, lets us breathe in the open air and feel the sun, attracts our interest and sympathy to new objects, and makes us *forget ourselves*. This last result, considering what most of us are, is worth a high price. We thank Mr. Sala for this new story, and assure him that we have no desire to add more "kicks" to those which he says he has already received; and that we regret the occurrence of such an opportunity for giving them as he alludes to at the close of his very interesting preface.

The story is in form an autobiography. Captain Dangerous sits down to write it in the great front parlour of his own house in Hanover-square, in the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and eighty. He is then, "at sixty-eight, safe and sound, with a whole liver and a stout heart, and a bottle of wine to give a friend." His married daughter lives with him, and thus pleasantly he writes of her:—

"I am not alone in my house. My daughter, my beloved Lilia, my only and most cherished child, the child of my old age, the legacy of the departed saint, her mother, lives with me. Bless her! she believes not a word of the lies that are whispered of her old father. If she were to be told a tithe of them, she would grieve sorely; but she holds no converse with slanderers and those who wag their tongues and say so-and-so of such-a-one. She knows that my life has been wild and stormy and dangerous as my name; but she knows that it has also been one of valour and honesty and striving. St. Jago de Compostella's candlesticks never went towards her schooling, pretty creature! My share from the gold in the scuttled ship never helped to furnish forth her dowry. Lilia is my joy, my comfort, my stay, my merciful consolation for the loss of that good and perfect woman her mother. Dear heart! she has never been crossed in love, never known love's sorrows, angers, disappointments, and despair."

Just sixty years before, "in the winter of the year 1720," an unknown lady, nearly ninety years of age, died in that same house. She was looked upon with a kind of awe as a Papist and Jacobite, and had a "foreign person" for her chaplain. Persons of the highest quality used to visit her, but she did not go to Court. She had a great red Prayer-book, with a strange device on the covers—a double circle enclosing a crown, a pair of axes crossed, and the initials "C. R." This unknown lady was the grandmother of our hero. Her maiden name was Arabella Greenville; and, in consequence of her once attempting to kill the Lord

* The Strange Adventures of Captain Dangerous; who was a Soldier, a Sailor, a Merchant, a Spy, a Slave among the Moors, a Bashaw in the service of the Grand Turk, and died at last in his own house in Hanover-square. A Narrative in old-fashioned English. Attempted by George Augustus Sala. Tinsley Brothers.

Protector of the Commonwealth, by firing a pistol at him from a window near Ludgate on occasion of his visit to the city, she had suffered a long imprisonment in one of the King's castles in the east country. Liberated at the Restoration, she married a fellow-prisoner, whose name and crime were wrapt in mystery, and who was released at the same time. Captain Dangerous remembered, and it was a memory he was proud of, that a few days before the venerable lady's death she had received a visit from the great Duke of Marlborough, who, in compliance with her wish, laid his hand on the boy's head and gave him a blessing. The servants heard the portentous five taps of the death-watch, and on the 30th of January the grandmother died, and the strange adventures of her little grandchild began.

Roughly treated by the hirelings of the house, he attended the funeral as chief mourner, and the next day was put into coarse beggarly garments, and sent off in the waggon to school. Under the waggon-tilt were a lazy tinker, who lay on his back chewing straw; a dirty, ragged Welshman and his wife; the tinker's dog, which, while he snored, "kept one little red eye fixed" on the boy; a sickly, crying child, and a buxom servant-maid. The latter showed kindness to our young adventurer, combed his hair, got him a flagon of milk, and told him stories all the way.

"Likewise, that she was being courted by a pewterer in Panyer-alley, who had parted a bright sixpence with her—she showed me her token, drawn from her modest bodice—and who had passed his word to wed, if he had to take the road for the price of the ring—but that was only his funning, she said,—or if she were forced even to run away from her mistress, and make a Fleet match of it. It was little, in good sooth, that I knew about courtships or love-tokens or Fleet matches; but I believe that a woman, for want of a better gossip, would open her love-budget to a baby or a blind puppy, and I listened so well that she kissed me ere we parted, and gave me a pocketful of cheese-cakes."

The schoolmaster, "a tall man, with a long face and an ugly little scratch wig," and rejoicing in the name of Gnawbit, was such a "senseless, pitiless brute and beast" that Captain Dangerous, recollecting the daily beatings and other miseries inflicted on himself during his six months' stay at the school, is driven for explanation of the origin of the Gnawbit species to the extraordinary theory that "the devil must come to earth sometimes, and marry and have children." One day an old gentleman, lodger with the Gnawbits, gives "Boy Jack" a guinea, and bids him run away and join the blacks in Charlwood Chase. Away he goes, and makes acquaintance with Black Jowler, Black Towzer, Grumps, Surly, Captain Night, Moll Drum, Cicely Grip, some twenty or thirty in all, stealers of the king's deer, living jovially, like "gentlemen," at the Stag o' Tyne, a house of entertainment kept by Mother Drum. The history of this corpulent tapstress is told at length in the eighth chapter of the tale, and a curious history it is. Boy Jack stayed with this gang of deer-stealers four years, serving as page to Captain Night, and following all their naughty courses. At last, a Royal proclamation was put forth against them, which was followed by the "Black Act," and that by a rout of constables and two companies of the Foot Guards, who succeeded, through the treachery of the coaleys (charcoal-burners), in pouncing upon the gang, and, after a sharp fight, captured them.

"No use in a stout heart, no use in a strong hand, no use in a sharp sword, or a pair of bakers with teeth that never fail, when you have to do with a soldier. Do! What are you to do with him? There he is, with his shaven face and his hair powdered, as if he were going to a fourpenny fandango at Baginige Wells. There he is, as obstinate as a pig, and as firm as a rock, with his confounded bright firelock, bayonet, and crossbelts. There he is, immovable and unconquerable, defying the boldest of smugglers, the bravest of gentlemen rovers, and, by the Lord Harry, *he eats you up.*"

After a long imprisonment in a loathsome hole at Aylesbury, the blacks were tried at the assizes and sentenced to be hanged, John Dangerous among them. By the intervention of "a good Quaker gentleman," and by means of a humble petition to his Majesty which the Quaker took to London himself, John Dangerous escaped hanging and was sent to the Plantations.

Captain Handsell, commander of the bark called *The Humane Hopwood*, which carried the convicts to the West Indies, was a fierce, tyrannical fellow, whose usual course of proceeding was a word and a blow—the blow first, of course. He found a bold rebel in Jack Dangerous, who would kick his shins and tumble with him on the cabin-floor, to the great amusement of the watch peeping through the skylight. Jack was not long in becoming a favourite with the captain, and was set to read to him sometimes after dinner from the Bible—but only the stories of Jewish wars. "And with shame," says our hero, "I own that 'twas these furious narratives that I liked also; and with exceeding pleasure read of Joshua his victories, and Samson his achievements, and Gideon how he battled, and Agag how they hewed him in pieces." Having arrived in Jamaica, Jack is introduced by Captain Handsell to his aunt, Mistress Sarah Handsell, known also by the names of Maum Buckey and Yaller Sally; "an immensely fat old Mulotter woman," whose husband had drunk himself to death, and who was making herself a comfortable widowhood by carrying on a prosperous ready-money business of clothes-washing.

"She had at least twenty negro and mulotter women and girls that worked for her at the washing, and at starching and ironing, for the mill was always going with her. 'Twas wash, wash, wash, and wring, wring, wring, and scrub, scrub, scrub, all day and all night too, when

the harbour was full of ships. Not that she ever touched soapsuds or flat-iron or goffering-stick herself. She was vastly too much of a fine lady for that, and would loll about in a great chair,—one negro child fanning her with a great palmetto, and another tickling the soles of her feet—sipping her sangaree as daintily as you please. She was the most ignorant old creature that ever was known, could neither read nor write, and made a sad jumble of the king's English when she spoke; yet, by mere natural quickness and rule-of-thumb, she could calculate to a Joe how much a ship-master's washing bill came to. And when she had settled that according to her scale of charges, which were of the most exorbitant kind, she would grin, and say, 'He dam ship, good consignee; or, 'He dam ship, dam rich owner; stick him on 'nother dam fi' poun' English, my chile; and for some curious reason or another, 'twas seldom that a shipmaster cared to quarrel with Maum Buckey's washing bills."

Jack served her as clerk, keeping her accounts, living well enough, witnessing the horrors of negro-slavery, joining in negro-merrymakings, and once taking part in a maroon hunt. At length a quarrel broke out between the washerwoman and her clerk,—she called him "beggar buckra," "tam lily thief;" he paid her in her own coin, and they parted.

His next start in life was at Ostend, where he landed with two guineas in his pouch, and put up at the "Red Goose" tavern, in Goose-street. The good Frau who kept it had "a long neck, and a round body, and flat feet; going waddling and hissing about the house, a-scolding of her maids," with a flock of children "waddling and hissing in their little way too." An amusing adventure with a drowning man and his chaplain, both Englishmen, results in Jack Dangerous entering the service of the former—Bartholomew Pinchin, Esquire, of Hampstead, a rich simpleton. They travel about in the Low Countries, and then in Germany; visiting Cologne, Nuremberg, Ratisbon, Vienna; getting into a scrape at the Austrian capital by intruding into the Court circle at an archery festival, and suffering a month's imprisonment. They soon after land at Ramsgate. Mr. Pinchin then fairly runs away from his chaplain and servant, leaving a letter with a draft for wages. Parson Hodge, the chaplain, starts on a career of quackery and dies J.P. for Somersetshire. John Dangerous goes to London, is rapidly disillusionized and—pressed for the navy. Fifteen years pass without record, and then we see him bravely accoutred as one of the King's warders in the Tower of London. We cannot make out the chronology of this period of his life. The beginning and end of his service in the Tower are both assigned to the year 1747, and yet it began before the Rebellion of 1745. (Vol. II. Compare pp. 247, 261, and 291.)

Quitting the Tower our captain has sundry adventures with gamblers, players, and women of questionable character; even marrying a certain Madam Taffetas, who kept an Italian warehouse, and was "put down as a forty-thousand pounder;" but who was in fact bankrupt and had bailiffs in the house on the wedding-day. In the midst of the hot dispute which arose, a sea-captain comes in and salutes her as his wife; and she screams out to them both that she is married to somebody else. So, concluding that they were at once fools and lucky fellows, the two captains marched out of the house. A voyage round the world follows; then a mercantile partnership at Amsterdam which had sorry ending; schoolkeeping at Brussels for ten years; playing the part of a "Fury" at the Opera House at Paris, where our captain saves from burning a pretty dancing girl, named Lilius; where also he falls in with Damiens, witnesses his horrible torture and execution, and has a narrow escape of the like; travels again in the service of a cardinal; meets at Malta his old protector, Captain Night of the Blacks, now one of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; is soon after captured by Algerine pirates; serves the Dey in various capacities; encounters, in a very surprising manner, the pretty Lilius again, in the guise of a Moorish lady in the Harem of the Dey; is freed, married, imprisoned again, escapes, becomes a Bashaw of Three Tails, finds his wife at Constantinople, with a daughter twelve years old, bearing her mother's name, and with them returns to Europe. His wife dying at Paris, Captain Dangerous returns to England, and having bought the old mansion in Hanover Square, employs his happy leisure in writing his memoirs.

In justice to Mr. Sala, and also for the sake of those readers who relish a tale the more for a mixture of facts with fiction, we add that the story of Captain Dangerous is made the framework for many interesting and curious pictures of life and manners in the eighteenth century, not only in England, but in the principal countries of Europe, in Algiers, and Turkey; and that the stories of Arabella Greenville, Mother Drum, the "Blacks" in Charlwood Chase, as well as the details of the executions of Lord Lovat and Damiens, are historical, the fruit of "years of weary plodding and note-taking through hundreds of dusty tomes." Whether or not Mr. Sala has succeeded in his attempt to write this narrative in language which a real Captain Dangerous of the last century might have used, he has certainly not failed to write in such vigorous and racy English as we do not often light upon.

AMELIA WILHELMINA SIEVEKING.*

NEARLY a century has elapsed since the city of Hamburg became entirely free, and ceased to render homage to the Dukes of

* Life of A. W. Sieveking. From the German. Edited by Catherine Winkworth. Longmans.

The Principles of Charitable Work—Love, Truth, and Order,—as set forth in the Writings of A. W. Sieveking, Foundress of the Female Society for the Care of the Sick and Poor in Hamburg. Longmans.

Holstein. From that moment it rapidly increased in wealth and splendour, till its commercial prosperity was dismally interrupted by the blockade of 1802. Not content with ruining its trade, Napoleon occupied it with troops from 1806 to 1809, and, in the following year, annexed it to the empire. In 1813, the Russians obtained possession of it for a short time, but in the same year it was retaken by the French. Davoust sustained a memorable siege there, held out during a twelvemonth, and surrendered only in May, 1814, when the Bourbons had regained the throne of France.

Such was the city which gave birth to Wilhelmina Sieveking, and such were the leading events in its history during the first twenty years of her life. The sufferings of her fatherland were well fitted to nurture her natural benevolence, and to fill her with high resolves for the future relief of human want and woe.

Wilhelmina enjoyed the advantage of springing from a well-known and honourable family, through whom she was linked to a circle of friends which, for the last eighty years, has mirrored in a very distinct and remarkable manner nearly all the deeper intellectual movements that have affected the German people. In this circle once moved Lessing, one of the most distinguished leaders of the literary movement in Germany, the popular poet Claudius, the philosopher Frederic Jacobi, and his correspondent on the subject of Spinoza—Elisha Reimarus. These, with the exception of the first, who had passed off the scene in 1781, used, at the opening of this century, to assemble frequently in an old house, the country seat of Senator Sieveking, rich with classical associations, on the banks of the Elbe, just beyond Altona; and round them gathered persons from all parts of the world, representing all the various political parties, and all the higher interests of that stirring epoch. Among these gifted individuals shone Wilhelmina Sieveking, just growing up into life, "nourishing a youth sublime," not only with "the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time," but still more with the society of kindred spirits. The influence exerted over her by many of her associates was better calculated to charm the intellect than to sanctify the heart; and her education, religious as well as secular, being entrusted to a rationalistic tutor, it is no wonder that her early years were overclouded with unbelief. From this, however, she slowly and steadily emerged. Though perplexed in faith she was pure in deeds. She fought her doubts, and gathered strength by the conflict. She faced the spectres of the mind, and laid them. She waded through a stormy sea, till at length she felt the rock beneath her feet, and, like the doubting disciple, stretched forth her hand, and thrust, as it were, her finger into the pierced side of Him whose divinity she had questioned, and whose atonement at one time she would not accept.

Thenceforth her career was bright, and the purpose of her life was clearly defined. Thenceforth she would dare to do good in her own way, to follow the instincts of philanthropy wherever they might lead, to tread in the steps of Howard and Mrs. Fry, to "recur," as she says, "to the example of Vincent de Paul," and exist only for the elevation of her sex and the solace of suffering humanity. It was a noble purpose, yet not too high and holy for one to whom love was a more powerful incentive even than duty, and who could not be happy but in making others so. Her great desire and ambition were to establish a society of Sisters of Mercy in the Evangelical Church, and after having long nurtured this project in secret, she was surprised and delighted one day at its being actually suggested to her by Professor Hartmann. It was not fated indeed that she should found a sisterhood in the manner and shape that first floated before her mind, yet she was destined to see it come into existence during her lifetime, and her definite presentation on this point did not deceive her. Meanwhile, ere her public labours begun, she continued the task of educating the young, and published her "Meditations on Certain Portions of the Holy Scriptures" and an "Account of a Christian School in Lower Saxony."

From her works in general, her diaries and correspondence, abundant extracts are made in her "Life." Though some of these might have been curtailed with advantage, they are, on the whole, replete with interest, particularly to all who are engaged in "charitable works." We find in them deep and striking thoughts expressed in flowing language, originality without affectation, and piety without conventional phrases; and when reading her remains we cannot but discover in her an admirable combination of sincerity of character with precise and luminous ideas. All her conceptions, all her views, were characterized by breadth: narrowness was abhorrent to her nature. From her youth up the observation of mankind had, as she writes in a letter to the Queen of Denmark, been her favourite study, and upon this she brought to bear not only a vigorous understanding, but also—what is no less requisite for success in the pursuit—a most loving heart. She believed that there is something divine in every man, even in those who have sunk the lowest—some portion of God's essence which cannot be wholly extinguished, that more than half the sins committed in the world are free from guilty intention, and that "many things now reproached as wickedness and baseness will, in the light of eternity, appear as error and misunderstanding." Though a Lutheran, she would not be tied to the opinions prevalent among her Christian friends. She objected to some English dissenters at Hamburg, that their observance of the Sabbath was "rigid formalism," and that they allowed themselves "a pharisaic love of condemning those who bear the same seed only in another vessel," and in May, 1820, she wrote in her diary, with a degree of liberalism very common in Germany, "I firmly believe that as many Catholics as Protestants may probably belong to the invisible

Church which our Lord gathers for himself on earth. The spirit of the Gospel is not bound to any external forms, nor even to particular opinions on this or that subject."

A woman such as Wilhelmina Sieveking could not but become acquainted with many of the leading men of her time. One of these was the celebrated convert from Judaism, Neander. Her remarks on this ecclesiastical historian and "Pietist" are interesting in themselves, and give a good idea of her style and modes of thought:—

"Neander's whole appearance indicates a man who troubles himself little about the common concerns of life, but lives apart, as it were, in a higher world of faith and knowledge. His eye, overshadowed by its black bushy eyebrow, is almost closed, only when something interests him more vividly than usual it opens a little wider, and then his glance has both fire and intellect. In general society he would never lead the conversation; he is monosyllabic in his replies, and speaks so low, that one must be very near him to catch what he says. Even in more familiar conversation, he seems to me no friend to superfluous speeches; despising all rhetorical ornaments, he brings forward the deepest thoughts in short, almost disconnected sentences, then is calmly silent, waiting for the reply, that he may discover how far he has been understood, or whether it is necessary to add further illustration. Objections, doubts, and opinions opposed to his own he listens to with attention, even when very clumsily expressed. Many might find his manners somewhat cold and dry, but only let an opportunity arise of testifying to the love of God in Christ, and it will soon be apparent, at least to any one who is capable of such perceptions, how his whole being is pervaded by a repressed glow of heavenly ardour, which works, no doubt, but the more mightily, because in him, more than in many pious men, it is concentrated within the inner sanctuary, and is less mingled with strange fire; to me it is far more beautiful than the crackling straw of mere feeling that flames up with passing brightness, breaking out in a show of emotion and in fine sentences on every occasion."

Wilhelmina Sieveking's public life began in 1831, and in her 37th year. When the cholera broke out in Hamburg, she offered herself to nurse in the hospital set apart for cholera patients. Here her true character shone out in the fulfilment of duties which many thought it an act of enthusiasm and madness in her to undertake. A pestilence or epidemic is the best criterion of philanthropic sincerity. It distinguishes at once between profession and practice. During two months Wilhelmina made her rounds in the sick wards night and day undismayed by the terrible scourge, encouraging the inferior nurses by her example and sharing in all their hardships; subduing by her steady and quiet resolution the wayward and delirious violence of the patients, and winning the respect and lasting esteem of the medical authorities.

This labour of love was but a stepping-stone to a wider sphere of action. Before quitting the hospital she had planned and drawn up the rules of a society for frequent and regular visiting of the sick poor in their own dwellings. She soon obtained the help of twelve other ladies; and such was the success of the undertaking, so manifest the excellence of the society's organization, so well did it unite strict order with the utmost possible amount of individual freedom, that it became the prototype of numerous other associations founded, through its example, in many cities of Northern Germany, in Switzerland, in the Baltic provinces of Russia, in Sweden, Denmark, and Holland. Her yearly reports contain a treasure of wisdom for the Christian deaconess, and help to keep up in Germany the tide of pious female activity which pours its comfort and aid into the deep necessities of the poorer classes.

In the prosecution of her many schemes of mercy she secured the favour and co-operation of persons in all ranks of society. She was generally looked upon as one who belonged not to herself but to God and the needy; and her disinterestedness won her the sympathies of mankind. In the children's hospital, in Hamburg, she for some time worked hand in hand with her nephew, Edward, who has recently been appointed physician to the Prince of Wales. She founded a seminary where the daughters of reduced gentlemen might be trained for governesses, and received constantly invitations she could not accept to undertake the management of charitable institutions in distant cities. She learned Danish, and repeatedly visited Caroline Amelia, the queen of Christian VIII., at Sorgenfrei. To this royal lady she became sincerely attached, and always writes of her and to her as her "dear queen." She corresponded also with Elizabeth Louise of Prussia, the consort of Frederick William IV., and had a long interview with her when at Berlin. In speaking of her Majesty, she says:—

"As well in her expressions towards myself, as in many things which have been told me by those more immediately about her, I thought I could trace a certain likeness" (to Queen Caroline Amelia); "the most decided Christian faith, that highest truthfulness of character which is not content only to hate a lie, but aspires to be clear and consistent with itself; a great love of simplicity, and a warm interest in all really philanthropic efforts; these were the traits I thought I recognized in her, and which so vividly reminded me of my dear Queen of Denmark. And, alas! they resemble each other also in this, that both are" (1849) "suffering under the pressure of recent events."

Wilhelmina Sieveking did not often express political opinions; but when she had occasion to do so, they were in perfect keeping with her position as a citizen of the free city of Hamburg. She once wrote to the Crown Princess of Denmark that she had thought of mentioning in her forthcoming report the notice which that distinguished lady had taken of her "Society for the care of the sick and poor," but that for two reasons she had not done so; the first was,

that she was afraid of being thought vain, and of really indulging some lurking feeling of vanity ; the second she expresses thus :—

" I also think that a work like ours ought to recommend itself, and not require the adornment of any name, however honoured, to win friends. Perhaps to many persons this would appear the expression of republican pride. I am a republican, and am glad to be so, because I have long learned to estimate rightly the blessings which are developed in a small State like Hamburg from a free constitution. But I am no way averse to the monarchical principle, which appears to me the most suitable for the government of larger States."

The free cities of Germany, indeed, seem peculiarly fitted to nurture that family life which is the highest social blessing. They possess not those endless class distinctions and gradations of rank which are found in wider States, nor do they suffer from that violent party spirit, either in politics or religion, which is so apt to dissolve all ties, and destroy all charity and truthfulness.

It is difficult to bestow anything but praise on this valuable biography ; and its translation into English is another proof of the truth of Dr. Wichern's assertion, that "something was granted Wilhelmina Sieveking which transcended all her own schemes." High as was her ambition, she has, in life and death, surpassed herself. We cannot, like some of the older citizens of Hamburg, by force of personal recollections, survey the whole extent of her career from the time when, in the freshness of youthful ardour, she conversed with philosophers and *literati* beneath the gigantic oaks of Neumühlen, her uncle's seat, to the day when, to combat the prejudice of the lower orders against a pauper funeral, she was, by her own express desire, carried to her last resting-place as a poor person, and her plain coffin of four black boards was set down on the church-path of Ham and Horn, covered with flowers and garlands, and followed by long streams of rich and poor from the city and suburbs. We cannot remember it all as things that our eyes have seen and our ears have heard, but, in reading her delightful memoirs, we can follow her in imagination through every stage of her beneficent pilgrimage, and we can safely affirm that there is that in her "Life" and writings, from the perusal of which all who are labouring for the good of their kind, whatever be their peculiar tenets, may rise instructed and improved, encouraged to persevere in their course, and convinced more deeply than ever that though they sow in darkness and tears, though the season of recompense be long delayed, genial suns will shine, timely rains will descend, and the songs of harvest will at last be heard in the fields.

TRANSLATIONS OF DANTE.*

" Of writing many translations there is no end" in the case of the great poet of Florence. The imbecility of Boyd and the sententious competence of Cary went far to satisfy our grandfathers and fathers in this line ; but now Wright and Volpe succeed to Cary ; Carlyle and Cayley to Wright ; Pollock to Cayley ; Thomas, Wilkie, Mrs. Ramsay, and yet others, to Pollock. To credit public taste in England with so much enthusiasm for the third great poet of the Western world as would suffice to keep up a brisk sale of these several publications would be obviously going too far. Enthusiasm, however, there must be somewhere : if not in the book-buying public or self-sacrificing publishers, at any rate in the translators themselves ; and also, it may gladly be admitted, in the tone of literary opinion and taste. It is something to say to the credit of our literary class that we have reached the point where to read, to revere, and to translate Dante is a common thing. Our grandfathers and great-grandfathers might equally well have done it, but they did not : in so far as we enter more admiringly than they into the mind of Dante—a mind as vast and as intense as any of which the record remains to man—we are distinctly their superiors. This advance in taste is probably connected to some extent with the general revival of a feeling for the mediaeval ; and an honourable share in its promotion is due to Mr. Ruskin, who has continually taken or made opportunities, in writing upon other matters, to proclaim and uphold the glory of Dante.

A recent translator of old Italian poetry, whose own work proves his right to lay down a principle on the subject, says that the supreme law of translation is that a good poem shall not be turned into a bad one. We subscribe to this statement. That is the supreme law ; but, within its limits, there is room for great diversity of aim and practice. The best possible translation (say into English from Italian) is such as will strike a cultivated English poetical reader as being a fine English poem, and a critical Italian reader as being a genuine equivalent of the original. To do this, it must be, both in substance and in form, a faithful rendering—but a rendering by one who is himself a poet, and therefore effected by a process of poetic transfer, not of exact transcript. It will give you more of the original than any other kind of translation ; but in a form in which you cannot count upon finding an accurate resemblance to the original in single passages picked out for comparison. The only translation of Dante's *Commedia* which approaches this lofty standard is Cayley's. He has intended to meet all the difficulties of his attempt, and has for the most part

* Dante's *Divina Commedia* ; Translated into English, in the Metre and Triple Rhyme of the Original, with Notes, by Mrs. Ramsay. Inferno-Purgatorio. Tinsley Brothers.

The Trilogy ; or, Dante's Three Visions. Part II.—Purgatorio. Translated into English, in the Metre and Triple Rhyme of the Original, with Notes and Illustrations, by the Rev. John Wesley Thomas. Bohn.

Dante's *Divina Commedia* ; the Inferno. Translated by W. P. Wilkie, Advocate. Edmonston & Douglas.

met and conquered them ; though he is not seldom odd or crabbed, and is pretty often below the level of absolute success. On the whole, we conceive it to be quite as likely as not that he will never be surpassed. The next best form of translation is such as will give the English reader a precise knowledge of what the Italian says, and the form in which he says it—the form of expression and metre at any rate, if not the form of rhyme, which may in some cases have to be sacrificed to preserve the other essentials. This is, in other words, a literal translation, conveying a closer knowledge of the original than the kind of translation which we have named as best, but by no means so deep and rich a knowledge. It may be compared to a photograph of a fine work of colour. Of such a translation of the *Commedia* we have as yet no singularly good example : Carlyle in prose and Pollock in verse come the nearest to it. We have not space to pursue the subject further ; and can only observe that, around these two best and second best forms of translation, still within the bounds of good work, range themselves the versions which approach, in method or in result, to either of the two, omitting a point here of completeness of aim, there of harmony in treatment.

One of the three translators who come before us on the present occasion, Mr. Thomas, quotes a passage from Lord Macaulay, which expresses with consummate felicity the characteristic perfection of Dante's style : " His words are the fewest and the best which it is possible to use. The first expression in which he clothes his thoughts is always so energetic and comprehensive that amplification would only injure the effect." Such being the case, no wonder that it is a difficult task to translate Dante well. The form of translation which we have termed the best possible cannot give a poetic re-cast of Dante comparable to an original quality of expression so transcendent ; nor can the literal method, at its closest, come close enough to the informing power of that expression, however painfully it may match word for word, and phrase with phrase. The equivalents of the former system, and the parallelisms of the latter, will both deviate to some extent ; and to deviate here is to fall short of a standard of unrivalled perfection.

The version of the Florentine poet given by Mrs. Ramsay has been written in Italy by one long resident there, and familiar with the language. It may compete with Mr. Cayley's rendering, and also with that of Mr. Thomas ; being, like them, faithful to the arduous Italian *terza rima*, and thus grappling with a difficulty which some translators, like Cary, have avoided, and one at least, Wright, has shirked by adopting a compromise of his own. In one respect Mrs. Ramsay also tries to improve upon Dante ; the final line of each canto, with a single exception, being absurdly lengthened out into an Alexandrine, with the poorest effect. Not in the rhymed metre alone, however, but in all respects generally, she professes to have aimed at the utmost faithfulness ; and the measure of success which she has attained in so onerous an attempt is undoubtedly creditable. The poem proceeds without embarrassment, and reads, all things considered, very easily—more so perhaps than any other translation. This is no slight praise. Mrs. Ramsay's inferiority to Mr. Cayley, which we think undeniable, depends upon her having less personal literary power. Even where all goes smoothly, and closely represents the meaning of the original, there is a sense of deficient emphasis and weight, which the student of Dante will scarcely condone for the sake of the ease of structure and phrasing, which he must often applaud. The rhymes come pat, but are frequently so defective as to be no rhymes at all ; while the eternal use of the threadbare makeshifts "I ween," or "I wis," to finish up a line, may be taken as a symptom of the easy expedients to which Mrs. Ramsay descends. Such rhymes as *below* and *saw*, *thus* and *abyss*, need no comment ; nor such quantities as *Egina*, *Polyxena*, and *Cocytus* ; nor such mythology as *Pluto* instead of *Plutus*. The notes are mostly summary, but adapted to clear up, as far as they go, several of the more obvious difficulties which beset the reader. The more abstruse are generally left to take care of themselves, and sometimes only misguidance is supplied. The nonsense about Dante's unfairness to the Guelphs, in comparison with the Ghibellines, is singularly out of place as a gloss upon the passage where the poet condemns the Ghibelline Ezzelino and the Guelph Obizzo d'Este to the same torment ; and the statement that Filippo Argenti, encountered in hell, was a persecutor of Dante after his exile, shows a portentous confusion of all chronology, and insensibility to the rigid coherence of system in this respect throughout the *Commedia*. Mrs. Ramsay is her own authority for the statements that the Podesta of Florence was required by standing law to be no Florentine, and that Marco Lombardo was a "diplomatist" because he was a "uomo di corte." Two assertions wider of the mark could not well have been hazarded for the occasion. A tolerable crop of positive mistranslations must also be confessed ; of which an extreme instance occurs in the "Purgatory," Canto 22, where we find, in the sentence,

" But never doth my sister Rachel gaze within that glass,"

the exact converse of Dante's statement, and of the symbolic and necessary significance of the passage. Yet, after allowing for all blunders and all shortcomings, we are happy to recognize, in this first lady translator of Dante, courage, fidelity in the main, clearness, ease, superiority to squeamishness, and adequate information, with not common success. When we say that such stupendous episodes as the Ugolino Canto in the "Hell," and the Dream of the Soaring Eagle in the "Purgatory" could be cited as two of the most conspicuously good passages in the volumes, the Dantesque

reader will infer that Mrs. Ramsay deserves to be mentioned with respect among the translators of this mighty poet.

From the feminine we turn to the clerical translator. Mr. Thomas's version of the "Inferno" was received with a fair amount of favour. We incline to think that of the "Purgatorio," which is published by subscription, an advance upon its precursor. With less ease and *aplomb* than Mrs. Ramsay's, it may be commended as having more character, in the poem itself, and very much more in the illustrative matter supplied by way of prefaces and notes. Throughout this we recognize the hand of a clerical writer addicted to some freedom in dogma, liberal in politics, and by no means exempt from crotchets, or from a fondness for "giving a bit of his mind," whether apposite or not. The laudable or harmless phases of this character have dictated the "Dedication to Garibaldi," the apt and somewhat racy account of the "Doctrine of Purgatory," and some references to the ecclesiastical and popular notions about Hell. On the other hand, there is little better than mere surplausage in the useless and often quite nugatory parallel drawn between Dante and Wyclif, the quotations from the Bible in and out of season, the hits or tirades against Mariolatry, and the drippings of jocosity prompted by "gentle dulness." It is a serious objection to Mr. Thomas's notes that he shows no suspicion of the need for their being as short as possible.

As we have already intimated, Mr. Thomas, as well as Mrs. Ramsay, follows his original both in metre and in rhyme, and thus comes equally into competition with Mr. Cayley. He is, however, put out of court by that gentleman even more decisively than Mrs. Ramsay is. He cannot plead, as the lady can, that his translation is sensibly easier to read and plainer to understand than Cayley's; to whom he is as clearly inferior in strong scholarship and individual turn of expression. We cannot blame a sincere devotee of Dante for trying his hand at a translation; but neither are we able to admit that the English literature and reading public, already supplied as they are with Cayley, can derive any serious advantage from Wesley Thomas.

In the cases of Mrs. Ramsay and Mr. Thomas, we have been dealing with a sensible view of what the translation ought to be, and with qualified success in the result. In the case of the third translator on our list, Mr. Wilkie, we deal with only a dead failure. His is the feeblest attempt upon Dante which has yet been made. Such a translation might be written "by the mile." Mr. Wilkie discards both rhyme and metre; giving us only rhythmical lines (if such they can be called) of any and every length, just as it suits his convenience or caprice. Thus freed from every temptation to deviate, through the exigencies of versified form, from a strict, direct, and manly rendering of the words which were good enough for Dante, Mr. Wilkie might at least have been expected to stick to sound and serviceable literality. But no; he is throughout trivial and loose, and, whenever he pleases, paraphrastic; while silly inversions abound, to an extent that would be unpardonable amid the utmost difficulties of rhymed metre. He even ventures upon the licence of explaining in jejune terms what Dante has indicated by allusions: as, to take one instance among many, in Canto 3, "the form of him who weakly left the papal chair," instead of "the shade of him, who, thro' cowardice, made the great refusal." To all these perversities Mr. Wilkie adds that of not vouchsafing a single line of explanation or note from first to last, beyond the remark that he has generally followed a particular text, but has "occasionally taken a view of Dante's meaning, for which none of his editors are responsible." In fact, here is a Scotch advocate who has, without why or wherefore, without a single qualification for the office, determined to appear in print as a translator of Dante, and, in that gratuitously assumed character, "rushed reckless on the public."

SALAMMBÔ.*

It is now a good many years since Mr. Carlyle predicted the speedy extinction of novels. The times, he thought, were becoming so momentous, and life so serious a matter, that "this exceeding great army of story-tellers" would soon be reduced to silence, or find no audience but "children and fatuous persons." Theoretically, the inference is not obvious, for it seems natural to suppose that the need for complete relaxation of mind might be more felt as the necessary business of life became more absorbing; and practically the result has been widely different.

The truth is, whether we like it or no, that novel-writing occupies at this moment a larger quantity of intellect than it has ever done before, and that novel-reading forms, in an ever-increasing degree, the chosen amusement of the instructed classes in Europe. This mistake of a wise man may serve to warn us against generalizing on subjects of this kind. Having only just opened our eyes to the truth, that the social, as well as the individual thoughts and acts of men are subject to laws, we need not wonder if the nature and operation of them is still a mystery to us. Some future philosopher will no doubt see development and necessary succession even in the phenomena of literary history, and will explain why at one period the human mind seeks relief in rhymed decasyllabic couplets, and at another refuses to give up its secret except in periodical driblets of romance.

Without, therefore, attempting to explain the fact, we cannot help seeing that the novel is in our day the most widely influential

* *Salammbô. Par Gustave Flaubert. Deuxième édition. Paris: Michel Lévy frères.*

of the forms of literature. Not that this extended range of influence is likely to make novels better than they were before; on the contrary, the proper value and beauty of this kind of literature is endangered by its very popularity. The temptation is strong to make it an advertising medium for the writer's private quarrel with society, or his favourite specific for universal happiness. But this perversion avenges itself. We will venture to assert that no great work, in the nature of imaginative art, was ever produced under the impulse of a practical aim immediately present to the mind of the artist. The coy imagination is not at home on an Abolition or Temperance platform, and refuses to perform for the funds of any Propagandist and Reforming Society or Institution whatever.

This morbid direction of imaginative literature, for which the Germans have the convenient technical term, *Tendenz*, has especially affected the English and French schools of romance. It was connected with much that was noble in the aspirations of the earlier half of our century. The man who wishes to improve his fellow-creatures is almost certain to encounter difficulties on their part, and against their apathy and selfishness he will take up the first weapon that lies under his hand. In an age when novels are read by everybody, he will put his views into a novel. The remedy for this abuse of fiction is the practical experience of its failure. A man will not write a pamphlet in three volumes if he finds that his purpose is better served by a letter in the *Times*; nor, when the general reader is once on his guard, will he entertain a dogma or proposal with greater favour because it is presented in a dramatic instead of an argumentative form. The novel is, in fact, not only the most unfair, but in the long run the least effective of controversial weapons.

But although, from a strictly artistic point of view, a moral and an immoral *Tendenz* may be equally foreign to the true aim of fiction, the representation of human life in its universal relations, yet a supererogatory defence of the Ten Commandments is more easily excused than an equally irrelevant attack on them; and it is because so many French writers have been guilty of the moral as well as the artistic crime, that English critics have been compelled to deny them the rites of hospitality. A recent school of novelists in France seemed to have inherited the dogmatic immorality without the splendid literary excellences of Balzac and of George Sand. "Fanny" and "La Dame aux Camélias" thus succeeded in arousing the indignation of a small but brilliant minority, who, however, injured the effect of an energetic moral protest by attempting to give it a political bearing. Democratic Imperialism is not a good thing, but there are evils in French society which preceded and will probably survive it; nor would it be difficult to name books of an utterly detestable character which were produced with general applause under the Saturnian rule of the citizen-king. On the other hand it is satisfactory if we can recognize some indications of an improved taste in the extraordinary romance which has just taken Paris by storm. In "Madame Bovary," M. Flaubert's trumpet gave an uncertain sound, and we are far from saying that there is nothing in "Salammbô" which would be reprehensible in an English novel; but if allowance be made for differences of taste and sentiment which are rather conventional than moral, the book may be pronounced nnobjectionable, and the handling of difficult subjects honestly dramatic.

The historical background of the story will probably be strange to the majority of readers, and there is no reason why a critic should affect any long familiarity with it. But having been induced by the nature of our task to read the few notices of it which ancient authors have handed down, we are surprised that one of the most singular episodes in history should have received so little attention in the modern world. The time is immediately after the first Punic war; the scene, the Carthaginian territory; and in spite of the title, which is the name of the heroine, the chief characters are 80,000 revolted mercenary troops. Hamilcar has not yet returned from Sicily, and his sagacity and valour are alike wanting to the corrupt and selfish oligarchy. Unable to pay the mercenaries, they induce them, by presents and promises, to leave the city. The description of this Exodus is a good specimen of M. Flaubert's style:—

"Ils défilèrent par la rue de Khamon et la porte de Cirta, pêle-mêle, les archers avec les hoplites, les capitaines avec les soldats, les Lusitaniens avec les Grecs. Ils marchaient d'un pas hardi, faisant sonner sur les dalles leurs lourds cothurnes; les aigrettes de leurs casques, comme des flammes rouges, se tordaient au vent derrière eux. Leurs armures étaient brossées par des catapultes, et leurs visages noircis par le hâle des batailles; des cris rauques sortaient des barbes épaisse; leurs cotte de mailles déchirées battaient sur les pommeaux des glaives, et l'on apercevait, aux trous de l'airain, leurs membres nus, effrayants comme des machines de guerre. Les sarisses, les haches, les épées, les bonnets de feutre et les casques de bronze, tout oscillait à la fois d'un seul mouvement. Ils emplissaient la rue à faire craquer les murs, et cette longue masse de soldats en armes s'épanchait entre les hautes maisons à six étages, barbouillées de bitume."

This must be allowed to be a vivid and vigorous picture, and it is only a fair specimen of the staple of the book. M. Flaubert has a really surprising power of realizing for us the outward shows of things.

The outline of the remainder of the story is known to most people from their Roman history, but M. Flaubert exhibits to us in detail the genius of Hamilcar saving his unworthy country from a ruin which seemed inevitable and was entirely deserved. The statements of Polybius and Diodorus are followed with commendable exactness, and the author takes no more licence than is necessary to make his book a novel rather than a history. The necessary

female element has to be invented, and the author therefore gives Hamilcar a daughter bearing the singular name Salammbô, who inspires a ferocious passion in the Libyan Mâtho, the chief leader of the mercenaries. But as we think this the least successful element in the book, we shall content ourselves with quoting, in reference to Salammbô, a description of her dress, the same in which Madame de Castiglione appeared, by the Empress's desire, at one of the recent carnival balls in Paris. Taanach, we should say, is Salammbô's nurse or duenna :—

" Sur une première tunique, mince, et de couleur vineuse, elle en passa une seconde, brodée en plumes d'oiseaux. Des écailles d'or se collaient à ses hanches, et de cette large ceinture descendaient les flots de ses caleçons bleus, étoilés d'argent. Ensuite Taanach lui emmancha une grande robe, faite avec la toile du pays des Sères, blanche et bariolée de lignes vertes. Elle attacha au bord de son épaulé un carré de pourpre, appesanti dans le bas par des grains de sandrastum, et pardessus tous ces vêtements, elle posa un manteau noir à queue traînante. . . . Mais Taanach dressa devant elle un miroir de cuivre si large et si haut qu'elle s'y aperçut tout entière. Alors elle se leva, et d'un coup de doigt léger, remonta une boucle de ses cheveux, qui descendait trop bas. Ils étaient couverts de poudre d'or, crépus sur le front, et par derrière ils pendait dans le dos, en longues torsades que terminaient des perles. Les clartés des candélabres avivaient le fard de ses jones, l'or de ses vêtements, la blancheur de sa peau ; elle avait autour de la taille, sur les bras, sur les mains et aux doigts des pieds, une telle abondance de pierreries que le miroir, comme un soleil, lui renvoyait des rayons ; et Salammbô, debout à côté de Taanach se penchait pour la voir, souriait dans cet éblouissement."

The great success of the book, as we have before indicated, lies in the numberless details by which Carthaginian life, as M. Flaubert understands it, is made conceivable to us. This is managed without any apparent effort, and we are not reminded of the wearisome pedantry of "Charicles" and "Gallus." But the characters of Hamilcar, Mâtho the Libyan, Spendius, "fils d'un rhéteur grec et d'une prostituée campanienne," and Narr 'Havas, the polished and wily Numidian, all historical personages, are remarkably well discriminated and sustained. Salammbô, who has no feeling except for a priest or a god, seems to us devoid of human interest, but this is not a fault when the whole scope of the book is considered.

The absence of anything tending to foster sympathy and forbearance in the religions of the ancient world, seems to have struck M. Flaubert as he studied the ghastly history of this War of the Mercenaries. Without a word or hint of praise or blame, he exhibits the dreadful shock of the uncontrolled passions of the race. The atmosphere becomes full of human and celestial cruelty. The description of the sacrifice of children to Moloch by placing them in the hollow interior of the heated brazen statue of that idol, is a dreadful piece of "realistic" imagination ; though it can add nothing to the horrors of a well-known historical fact.

POETRY.

If Mr. Pearce could give no better proof of his poetical powers than his tragedy "Philip of Königsmarkt,"* we should not have much hope of his attaining distinction in this branch of literature. The subject is one which, in the hands of a writer of dramatic instinct, could hardly fail to be effective. The Count's love for the unhappy Sophia Dorothea, and its tragic issue, forms one of the romances of history which, by the help of imagination, might be worked up into a very powerful drama. Nothing is more likely to enlist the sympathies of an audience than the sufferings of a woman married against her will to a husband who is a brute, and secretly cherishing love for a man worthy of her. A difficulty arises upon moral grounds ; but this did not prevent Leigh Hunt from working a precisely similar plot into an excellent play, "The Legend of Florence ;" nor has Mr. Pearce been at all encumbered by it in developing the tragedy before us. But nothing can be more feeble than his treatment of the subject. The obvious course of contrasting the drunken Crown Prince with the accomplished Count is entirely lost sight of, and the whole tragedy amounts to a very tame narrative of the story, in which there is not a single scene indicative of dramatic or poetic power. With the exception of the villainous Countess Platen, all the characters are the merest puppets. We never for a moment feel that there is really any love between the Princess and Philip, nor can we lay our finger on half a dozen lines, from the first scene to the last, which have any title to be called poetry. The dialogue is often prosy, and sometimes puerile. In one of their stolen interviews, Philip asks the Princess if she thinks her "burly lord would leave his painted mistress" to waste a thought upon her. She replies, "He is my husband ;" upon which Philip argues in this fashion :—

" Nay, my Princess, nay, he is not your husband ;
Too true it is ye made a mutual compact,
Before God's altar, to be man and wife ;
But such (*sic*) holds good, so long as both respect
Their plighted troth ; if one should break his vow,
He frees the other ; therefore you are free."

The morality is as bad as the blank verse. The Count proceeds :—

" But more than this, when we were little children,
And wander'd in the woods on summer eves,

* Philip of Königsmarkt, and other Poems. By Maresco Pearce, B.A. Pickering.

I call'd you 'little wife,' and you me 'husband ;'
And, one day, you remember, I did fashion
A tiny ring out of a daisy stalk,
And put it on your finger ; but it broke,
And you did cry, and I did kiss your tears.
Say was there ever purer love than this ?"

Such a childish fancy we will be bound never entered the Count's mind. But it is a fair sample of the passion which animates Mr. Pearce's dramatic muse. We find something very different when we turn to "The Puritan's Daughter." Here the writer is no longer confined to dialogue to work out his story, and we have a tale worth a dozen such tragedies as "Philip of Königsmarkt." The Puritan's daughter is in love with a young cavalier, and the story opens with the parting of the lovers. The cavalier is bound for the wars, and the girl returns to her home with a heavy heart, for her father fights on the Puritan side, and she dreads lest they should meet in the bloody strife. At the end of a fortnight the father returns and relates how in the battle

" There was one, a comely youth,
With love-locks fine to see,
He had cut down many a godly saint,
But he shrank from meeting me.

" Yet he would not turn and fly,
So I slew him where I stood :
Look here, this tough old jerkin of mine
Is splash'd with dainty blood.

" And I saw him take from his breast
A locket of golden hair,
And he kiss'd it or ever he died ; poor lad,
He'd better have said a prayer."

The comely youth is the cavalier, and the girl, when her father has gone to bed, sits alone in her little room, frantic at her loss, when suddenly she sees her lover standing in the garden. He had been left on the field, but had only fainted from loss of blood. A price, however, has been set upon his head.

" At the back of the garden-wall
In an out-house crazy and old,
I hid the prize of my heart of hearts,
As a miser hides his gold.

" And every morn and eve
I brought him food to eat ;
And the live-long hours I sat and thought
Of the hour when we should meet ;

" And when it came, that hour
Of joy unmix'd with sadness,
I was wellnigh wild for grief before,
And now I was wild for gladness.

" And oft in the silent nights,
When the stars look'd down from above,
We walk'd in the forest hand in hand,
And talk'd of our hope and love.

" Oh, days of hope and love !
And of joy too great to bear !
Sure the sun was never so bright before,
Nor the moon so wondrous fair."

The Puritan discovers their stolen interviews ; the lover escapes, but is subsequently imprisoned, and the father compels his daughter to marry a neighbouring preacher as the price of saving her lover's life. This scene is well described, and nothing can be more in keeping than the Puritan's taking down his Bible, and reading of the Jewish woman who decoyed the Syrian soldier into her tent, washed his wounds, and slew him when he was asleep, and contrasting this deed with the treachery of his daughter. The girl's appeal to him to forego his resolution is exquisitely touching. But her sire is obdurate.

" My father heard no more,
But turn'd and left me alone ;
No longer to weep such bitter tears,
For my heart was turn'd to stone.

" I felt no sorrow now,
But a burning sense of wrong ;
And as my sorrow had made me weak,
My anger had made me strong.

" I would marry the man I loathed
To save my darling's life ;
But though I were married a thousand times,
I never could be his wife !"

How she keeps her word, and how the story ends, our readers may see for themselves. The ballad throughout will well repay perusal ; and it is worthy of remark how much dramatic conception Mr. Pearce displays when he gets rid of the dramatic vehicle. The scene between the preacher and the Puritan's daughter when he returns from the fight with the Indians, and the subsequent massacre of the Christians by the red men, are striking evidences of this power. Very beautiful, too, is the description of the girl when she is found in the forest :—

" We sought thee, love, in the wood—
In the wood we sought and found thee ;
With the golden sun on thy golden hair,
And the wild birds watching round thee.

"A tear lay on thy cheek,
For thou hadst slept while weeping
Like a little pearl in its delicate shell,
Or the dew in a snowdrop sleeping.

"We watch'd my darling sleep
Those golden morning hours,
Like a little weary bird in its nest
On her pillow of leaves and flowers."

"The Puritan's Daughter" is the best of the many pieces in this volume; but there are not wanting, in some others, evidences of superior poetic talent.

"Love and Mammon" * is one of those poems which prove rather the richness of a writer's vocabulary than the clearness of his ideas. Miss Wyvill has great command of words; but we are not always sure that we catch her meaning, and sometimes we doubt whether she herself clearly comprehends what she is writing about. At the very first page we find ourselves at fault. She would have us understand that people know very little about Poetry, who fancy that she is not to be found in the City, but only "in forest depths and mountainous retreats." Now we have never met with any one who entertains this absurd idea, or who doubts that poetry in plenty is to be found in the densest gatherings of bricks and mortar. But when Miss Wyvill proceeds to state the co-extension of poetry with human life, she leads us into a maze which fairly bewilders us. She says:—

"Wheresoe'er we toiling masses move,
The Infinite enrings each little life,
Whence stretching into open distances
Of silent space beyond earth's multitude,
Thus circling each, is girdle to the whole."

We say very respectfully that we don't understand this; nor do we quite see our way through the definition of poetry which Miss Wyvill seems to think a simple one:—

"Poetry methinks is simply this:
Infinity, Eternity, and God,
Express'd to an intelligence by signs,
In things material, owning voice and form
Familiar, common, humble, it may be,
But ever holy, even where marr'd by sin,
Because His symbols and His instruments,
For speaking, doing, working out His will."

This promise of what is to come is not very encouraging; and as we proceed we frequently find that we have lost the thread of the idea, or that half a dozen ideas have become hopelessly entangled. This is a sad drawback; but it is somewhat made up for by the fact that the plot is not intricate, and that, by dint of strong swimming against a torrent of words, we ascertain what becomes of the characters in the story. We cannot say, however, that they interest us much. First, there is Ernest Brand, who is in love with Flavia Basil. Flavia is the representative of Mammon, and acts up to her character by pledging Ernest to keep secret till the end of the London season the fact that she has promised to marry him, because she is anxious to prove Lord Wissendine's intentions with regard to her, and, should they be favourable, she will have no difficulty whatever in sending Ernest to the right-about. But, instead of an offer from the noble lord, she is blessed with a fortune of fifty thousand pounds, left her by a relative, and, as Ernest's bank fails, she consents to marry his friend Philip Wynwode. She and her husband, however, are not rich in prudence. They dissipate their money, and when it is gone, the heartless Flavia elopes with Lord Wissendine, and is thus as faithful a personation of Mammon as we could desire. But surely when, after jilting Ernest, she seems surprised, in their last interview, at his leaving her without wishing her joy, the cool impudence of the most consummate flirt is a little overdone.

Honoraria Courtenay represents Love. This is the most painfully interesting young lady we have ever met. She is a visitor of Mrs. Basil's, meets Ernest, and falls in love with him. When Mrs. Basil tells her, as a dead secret, that Ernest is going to marry Flavia, and that she has, therefore, no hope in that quarter, the most frantic heroine of a transpontine melodrama could hardly conduct herself with a closer approach to insanity. She creeps away to her own chamber

"With an empty soul,
Which neither hoped, nor thought, nor dream'd, scarce knew;
Then, in the centre of the floor, she stood,
With blank, blind eyes, and hands so tightly clasp'd
That every muscle of her tender arms
Was strain'd by her resisting will. And lo!
That queenly figure, bending all its pride
Beneath the load of unrequited love,
Till woman's weakness yields; and down she sinks
At her bedside, a soft, white muslin heap."

There she lay, "stunned, stupefied," taking "no count of time lost to her own identity."

"But ever and anon a fearful stroke
Of sharp remembrance flash'd across her brain,
And cut her shivering through and through,"
till at last, after one final, "quick, convulsive shudder,"

* Love and Mammon, and other Poems. By Fanny Susan Wyvill. Bell & Daldy.

"The heavy blackness closed her in its arms,
And wrapp'd her in a motionless despair,"

and there she lay all that night, till the footsteps of the housemaid passing her door recalled her to a sense of her position. One would have thought that after so exhausting a night's rest, which was not sleep, but a "waking stupor," she would have been glad to lie down for an hour or two. By no means. She was in the prime of youth and vigour, and capable of any amount of melodramatic agony:—

"She heard—moved—thought. That thought shot through her brain,
With thousand arrowy points of torturing fire:
All was awake, all living now—no dream;
God help her, no! the dream was fled and gone;
Only the cruel truth stood by her now.
Might she but scream, might she but raise one cry,
One long loud shriek of utter agony,
'Twould ease her soul."

But though the impulse rose in her to try the healthy effect of a good shriek, and "indeed all but choked her,"

"Bravely she forbore,
With hard-set lips; the impulse rose and rose,
But, putting forth her utmost woman's strength,
She fought, she forced it back, and trod it down:
Trod down the impulse; not the mighty pain,
Which grew and press'd, and tighten'd as it grew,
And she was helpless. Could she bear it? Yes:
She thought so. 'Can I? Any way I will.
My heart shall break but I am conqueror.'"

Still the impulse "tightened round her," and in this painful emergency what do you suppose she did?

"To her knees she rose;
She could not bear it—all was giving way.
Frenzied she fasten'd on her own soft arm,
With teeth of desperate anguish,—felt no wound,
But won the victory; for there she stood,
Few moments after, quiet, dull, subdued;
Slow life-drops trickling from the wounded arm,
As from the heart within."

It is a comfort to think that this had the desired effect, and Miss Wyvill, lest we should be concerned about the surgical view of the case, is kind enough to inform us that Honoria had good healing flesh, and having bound her arm, and "doffed her simple robes," she

"Lay down shuddering, face to face with grief."

We will not mar the interest which we trust has been excited in our readers' minds by the very natural emotions of Miss Wyvill's heroine and her truly original mode of relieving it, by saying what ultimately becomes of her. But it is fair to Miss Wyvill to say that she does not always write in this extravagant vein. Though she claims for the city its share of poetry, her muse is far more at home in the fields; and while, to our thinking, she has not the power of depicting the feelings of men and women with much grace, she occasionally describes outward nature happily. Some of the lines in the following description of Honoria's home in the country are misty; but, on the whole, the passage deserves quotation:—

"A home like hers might cheer the heaviest eye,
To look abroad and light on consolation.
For consolation speaks not human words,
But through the voices of the universe,
May woo, and haply win, the listening soul.
Here heaven-born symphonies of beauty rose,
On the soft breath of Nature's sweet accord.
Afar loom'd many a hoary clefted shape,
Of purple precipice and splinter'd crag,
With each day's sunset taking fire anew,
Till evening's hand should cool their glowing brows,
And stern repose frown darkening from their peaks:
While all below broke out in wealth of smiles;
Deep breathless woods, where lay the virgin dew
Unsun'd upon the grass from morn to eve,
An inner heart of glistening silentness,
Hid 'neath the outward burst of leaves and song;
Rich meadows, quiet hamlets, village spires;
Cathedral towers half lost in smoky blue,
Upon the trembling dim horizon-line;
And balmy fields where roll'd the silver flood,
Lazily downward from the Western hills,
To smile in crystal peace along the plain."

SHORT NOTICES.

ARROWS IN THE DARK.*

THIS is a novel made up of the veriest froth of love. There is not one character in the book which has any solidity of feeling, and we are so little interested in any of them, that if, on the eve of Diana's marriage with Laurence Dotterel, she were to change her mind and marry Richard Westerton, or if any of the other males and females were suddenly to transfer their affections from A. to B., we should not be in the least surprised or affected by the

* Arrows in the Dark. By the Author of "Said and Done." Smith & Elder.

change. When the first heroine dies of consumption, we feel that we are relieved of a nonentity ; and if all the other characters followed her to the grave, we should be quite as little affected by the wholesale mortality. They are all puppets ; marionettes, with an outward resemblance to flesh and blood, but none of its passions ; creatures of pasteboard, superficial in their talk, unreal in their affections ; namby-pamby mortals who may marry or not, live or die, be happy or unhappy, for anything we care about them. To make them more impertinent, the author puts into their mouths solemn reflections upon religion, female education, and so on. But their prating is as flimsy as their lives. We care as little about their thoughts as about themselves. One young lady, Diana, who plays second heroine, cuts a young swain whose attentions she has encouraged, and in most unfeminine language declares to a middle-aged gentleman who is in love with her cousin Angela, that her love for him is "strong, deep, warm, such as *she* (the cousin) has not got to give you." Mr. Westerton, the gentleman thus highly favoured, finding that Angela is bespoken by some one else, offers Diana his hand. Thereupon Diana takes an opportunity of flirting with Laurence Dotterel, the youth whom she formerly encouraged and cut ; and when Westerton is naturally offended by this and other portions of her conduct, she breaks off her engagement with him and marries Dotterel. But as she is unhappy with her husband, the authoress kindly comes to her rescue by killing Laurence and giving her a new one in the person of the rejected Westerton. Guy Tracy, her brother, is over head and ears in love with Angela. They are to be married, but Angela dies. Thus Guy has to be provided with a fresh love ; and the pleasure with which he wears the fetters Alice Howe has riveted upon him, shows that Angela has taken her departure most opportunely. But Alice herself is not married to Guy before she has consented to entertain a proposal from Hector Sandilands ; and she gives Hector up with a few sentimental tears, because her brother disapproves of her marrying a man who is a settler in Australia. Then Hector Sandilands, after his heart has been broken by Alice, finds perfect felicity in a union with Honora Donelly, a lady with "a bright Irish face." Indeed, the one thing to be admired in the novel is the good nature with which all the characters accept whatever lot the author assigns them. Now, people who accommodate themselves to all circumstances, who can take up with a new love after they have buried the old, and heal a heart lacerated by one lady by turning it over to another, are not in themselves objectionable. But neither in life nor in a novel are they calculated to awaken our sympathies.

JOAN CAREWE.*

It would be unfair to say that this novel is without interest or deficient in evidences of power. But the story would have been more readable had the plot been brought within the compass of one volume instead of three. As it stands, the incidents are over-weighted with description and dialogue. We may object to them, moreover, that there is an unredeemed coarseness about many of them which repels us. The author has clearly a power of describing character, but his selection is at fault. The Rev. Mr. Cowhurst is simply a vulgar brute, not a grade higher in nature's catalogue than Felix Marner or Lenner. The murder of Lenner's wife by her husband is such a piece of brutal ruffianism that the only sentiment it excites is disgust. It is possible for a writer to describe even a murder so at least as not to make himself offensive. E. M. O. L. has not arrived at this stage of art. The low village alehouse, with its bevy of topers, the scene in the churchyard which immediately follows, the murder of Mrs. Lenner, and the success with which her husband buries her with Marly's spade, thus throwing the guilt on the sexton, form the main topics of the first volume, and have the merit of presenting us with the most dismal reading it is possible to desire. There is, indeed, a mystery and a ghost in the story, which will probably meet with admirers. But the book, though indicative of talent, is not to our mind. Still it contains some good descriptions and many passages which give promise of better things. The great defect the author will have to fight against is a want of taste. We have rarely read a more repulsive scene than that in which Mrs. Earnshaw's daughters display their jealousy of their still beautiful mother, and even when the author endeavours to paint an amiable character we feel that he is not at home.

TAKEN UPON TRUST.†

Here is another novel of a dismal hue, with painful suggestions of misapplied strichnine and a general odour of Newgate. We confess that we have had no pleasure in reading it ; but the story is told with considerable skill, and readers who like sensations of a ghastly kind will find in these volumes no lack of entertainment. There are secret drawers and stolen documents ; a woman innocently accused ; a friend who cannot clear her without implicating some one else whom she would spare ; a rascally butler, an impish dwarf, and other exciting characters, who are put through their movements cleverly enough. The author intimates that her novel is written to remove a stigma from persons she has always thought were unjustly suspected. What this precisely means we cannot say ; nor does it much matter. We take the novel as it stands. It is, we think, an indication of an unhealthy taste that such books are written. But if they sell, protest is vain.

* Joan Carewe : a Novel. By E. M. O. L. Newby.

† Taken upon Trust. By the Author of "Recommended to Mercy." Three vols. Tinsley Brothers.

AN INDEX TO THE "TIMES."

Mr. W. Freeman, of Fleet-street, is about to issue an "Index to the *Times* for the year 1862;" and if his enterprise is successful he will publish a similar volume annually. There can be no doubt about the utility of such a work ; and its execution, so far as we can judge from the specimen-page before us, is nearly all that could be desired. To each article there is a number, and the date will be easily ascertained by referring to this number in the circular index. Such a work as Mr. Freeman promises will be valuable not merely as an index of the contents of the leading journal ; it will, to some extent, answer the purpose of a record of events.

FINE ARTS.

WHAT IS A PICTURE?

This is a question that has suggested itself to us in visiting a very curious assemblage of paintings by Mr. Façon Watson, an entirely self-taught painter, who has spent a life in perfecting a method of painting, which he now pronounces "a new style of art." These works of his are exhibited at a little gallery especially arranged for them ; and are to be seen, we believe, in the usual way, at this St. James's Gallery, as it is named, from being near the Music Hall of that name in Piccadilly. We must admit that the invitation to see these pictures in a new style of art, the work of a painter equally new, and, we may say, unknown, sounded so like clap-trap, that we were not prepared for an exhibition which has certainly nothing of that kind about it, and is in itself a subject of considerable interest. Mr. Watson, it appears, has for many years been a close observer of the minuter details of natural landscape ; he has evidently a great feeling for the delicate forms of ferns, grasses, foliage, and branches, and the general character of all his paintings depends upon the elaborately constructed foregrounds, where the botanist might almost content himself with painting his best specimens, though the geologist would probably find fault with the representation of his rock and broken earth. In distances Mr. Watson is not a great workman, though there is one of his principal works which has a middle distance remarkable for truth of representation, though rather stiff and wanting in the suggestiveness of the natural landscape. This picture is called "A Scene from a Surrey Wood," and the foreground is really a wonderful display of patient industry with very great power of imitation in representing the numberless forms of vegetable growth ; there are the foxglove, the ferns, and the young hazel-shoots, with endless variety of weeds and "common objects of the country," all standing out in a kind of stereoscopic reality, leaving no space where, as is generally seen in pictures, there is room for the eye to rest upon and enjoy the luxury of tone and repose. Now, there are several orthodox artists, Mr. Redgrave, R.A., for example, and Mr. John Brett, who have been trying for years past to do what Mr. Watson accomplishes with apparent ease and with far more success ; that is to say, they have been studying to paint absolute copies of the landscape, or, to use a milder term, faultless imitation. Candidly, we think Mr. Watson's work quite equal to theirs ; and the question is, whether it is not better if this absolute realism is to be the test. But then comes the inquiry whether all are equally pictorial and equally artistic ? A representation of anything in the shape of painting must have something more than mere exact likeness, it must appeal to the mind as well as to the sight—it must strike us as a thoughtful and creative work, otherwise our interest in it falls to the level of that which we feel in looking at very beautiful wax flowers, or models of Mont Blanc, Niagara, or any other stupendous form of natural landscape. Now, it would seem that in proportion as a painting approaches this form of representation it loses its pictorial and artistic character. It becomes, it is true, more real but at the same time more unlike, because it differs from nature in not touching the mind with the same or similar influence. It is inevitable that this should be so, for how can it be expected that out of the dry placing together of dull pigments upon a small piece of canvas we can construct the living beauties of some vast scene in nature ? So profound is the truth, that we are touched by the sympathies and not by any grosser influence of the eye and the ear. Sketches delight the eye, while great pictures full of labour are passed by unheeded. Some voices have a charm, while others more powerful and perfect in training have no magic and mystery about them. Feeling in every form of art is infectious—"Si tu veux me toucher, sois ému toi-même," "Si vis me flere," &c.

Now, Mr. Watson has observation and a keen eye, not without some sense of poetic beauty ; but his art merges into the industrial form the moment he gets before his easel. He is no longer satisfied with suggestiveness, he must have an unmistakable representation, so that you may thrust your hand into the side of his picture, as it were, and feel the prickles on the thistles. His method of doing this is peculiar—he limits himself to no particular means. If the high lights are not to be got bright enough, or the leaves sharp enough, he does not hesitate to carve them out in the substance of the ground upon which he paints ; so that if it were not for the glass over every picture, we could see that the surface was covered with modelled objects in *intaglio*, as it were, mixed with those which are painted smoothly in the ordinary way. One very remarkable quality, which is enough surely to satisfy the realists, is that a photograph taken from these paintings cannot be distinguished from the photographs of natural objects without the

c'osest scrutiny, and as we are informed, photographers of experience have often been deceived by them. We hope to have done justice to Mr. Watson's works; they have a peculiar interest, and we are not disposed to be dogmatical against them. Let them by all means be seen; many will pronounce them, as we are told Mr. Ruskin did, "stunning." Perhaps some few may agree with the opinion we have endeavoured to express, and at the same time not withhold a fair meed of praise from Mr. Watson.

MUSIC.

THE performance of Meyerbeer's "Prophète" at the Royal Italian Opera on Monday was characterized by the same splendour, both scenic and musical, that has distinguished its former representations at this establishment. Among the many spectacular operas so magnificently mounted by Mr. Gye, none are more gorgeously placed on the stage than the "Prophète," with the pageantry of its cathedral scene and the ingenious contrivance of the skating evolutions. Signor Tamberlik's Jean of Leyden is well-known as one of his finest impersonations, and his singing on this occasion was worthy of his highest reputation. Madame Nantier Didiée was an expressive and picturesque representative of Fides—a part in which, however, it is difficult to avoid a comparison with Madame Viardot Garcia's matchless interpretation. Mdlle. Dottini was an interesting if not a very energetic Bertha; while the three Anabaptists were rendered much more tunable than of yore by their present representatives. Altogether the "Prophète" at the Royal Italian Opera is one of those exhibitions of combined stage splendour and musical excellence which it is worth a long journey to see and hear.

At Her Majesty's Theatre, the new tenor, Signor Baragli, has gained a sort of *succès d'estime* by his appearance as Edgardo in "Lucia di Lammermoor." Of this artist's powers, however, we hope to have future opportunities of more fully judging. The new ballet produced at this house under the title of "Bianchi e Negri," is a terpsichorean travestie of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—an odd subject for pirouettes, pas, and pantomime, but rendered attractive by scenic spectacle and the excellent dancing of Mdlle. Ferraris Mdlle. Morlacchi, and Signor Ammastro.

Signor Thalberg's first *Matinée* on Monday was a renewal of the success which this great artist achieved on his re-appearance last season. The following programme is interesting, as showing an increased disposition on the part of M. Thalberg to vary the performance of his own pieces by a selection from other composers:—

PART I.

Adelaide	Beethoven.
Romanza (Preciosa)	Weber.
Ballad	Thalberg.
Irish Airs	Thalberg.
Two Songs without Words	Mendelssohn.
Pastorale (MS.)	Thalberg.

PART II.

Marche Funèbre	Chopin.
Study	Thalberg.
Scherzo	Mendelssohn.
Two Studies	Moscheles.
Russian Airs	Thalberg.

The great pianist displayed all those marvellous qualities of mechanism and tone which have for many years rendered him unrivalled as a performer of executive difficulties; and his reception was such as to assure him that a London public does not tire of those favourites who have first-rate claims to its admiration.

The Musical Society of London gave its fourth and last concert of the season at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, the programme being slightly altered by the indisposition of Mr. Sims Reeves, and the appearance, in his stead, of Signor Delle Sedie. The selection, as amended, was as follows:—

PART I.

Overture (Jessonda)	Spoehr.
Recitative—"Crudele! Ah mio bene;" Aria—"Non mi dir" (Don Giovanni), Miss Louisa Van Noorden	Mozart.
Concerto in D minor—Pianoforte, Op. 40, Miss Madeline Schiller	Mendelssohn.
Aria—"Pietà Signor," Signor Delle Sedie	Stradella.
Overture (Hamlet)	Macfarren.

PART II.

Symphony in C minor, No. 5, Op. 67	Beethoven.
Aria—"Eri tu," Signor Delle Sedie	Verdi.
Overture (Guillaume Tell)	Rossini.

Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

The orchestral performances were, as usual at these concerts, of first-rate excellence. A band, consisting of the finest players in London, mostly solo performers, conducted by so admirable a *chef d'orchestre* as Mr. Alfred Mellon, can scarcely fail to render justice to the instrumental works of the great masters. On the present occasion the only approach to novelty was Mr. Macfarren's overture; a gloomy and erratic prelude in which some masterly instrumentation scarcely compensates for a vagueness which is not justified even by the philosophical nature of the subject which is supposed to have suggested the work. The great composers have shown that it is possible to be abstract and still coherent—but Mr. Macfarren's work, with much occasional cleverness, has the

appearance of having been put together piecemeal at different and distant times, rather than being the product of that continuous thought which constitutes what is properly called composition. The performance of Miss Madeline Schiller was highly successful, the applause continuing after the close of the concerto until the young lady reappeared in acknowledgment. At the end of the concert Mr. Mellon was warmly called for and applauded—a tribute justly due to his admirable conducting, to which these performances owe no small share of their success. A subscription is in progress towards a testimonial to Mr. Charles Salaman, the indefatigable honorary secretary of the society, whose disinterested exertions in the business arrangements have been of the highest value to the institution. The society announces a conversazione at St. James's Hall, on June 24th.

SCIENCE.

TAKING STOCK OF SUNSHINE.

In these economic days we take stock of everything. Moonshine has long been valued—at nothing. Sunshine—bright, merry sunshine—is now coming in for its turn. Hereafter sunshine, at least in one respect, must be valued, and we must take stock of at least one of the good properties it possesses. Light and life are all but synonymous; light and the means of living are closer together than many of us think. Not only in the beams of the glorious sun does life burn joyously, and the green herbs spring up to support it o'er hill and dale, and field and lea, even in the crevices of the mountain peak, but the very air would be polluted with the emanations of animals, if the great chemist, sunshine, did not re-transform the products of life-action back, on the one hand, into carbon; and, on the other, into oxygen, for the support of life. The sunlight plays on the carbonic acid evolved in the breathing of animals, which, with its death-producing pollution, would taint and render unfit for animal existence the whole atmosphere around, and loosens the bonds that link the elements of the polluting product together. Vegetation seizes on one instantly, and the other—the staff of life—is free. Life is no exception to the general correlation of forces, and the whole power of maintaining animal existence is derived directly or indirectly from the locked-up energy in plants. Whence is this latent energy? The vegetable cannot store it up unless it receives a supply. The source of this energy is sunshine. But it is only a portion, after all, of the sunbeams, that effects the supply of this store of life-maintaining material. It is only the chemical rays that are commingled with the luminous rays that do this work of decomposing the carbonic acid in the atmosphere, and fixing the solid carbon in the leaves of plants. These chemical rays are not dispersed equally or entirely through the sunbeam, but are chiefly confined to the most rapidly vibrating, or violet and blue end of the spectrum. They are sparingly distributed between the Fraunhofer lines c and e, suddenly increasing to a maximum slightly beyond e; dropping a little in quantity, they again increase a little, and attain a sub-maximum at H, and then decrease pretty evenly to s, being almost *nil* up to v, where they cease.

One of the objects of meteorological investigation in determining the climate, is to give practical advice as to the productive and life-sustaining qualification of a country. The knowledge of soils and of temperature, important as they are, it is evident, from the part sunshine plays in the economy of life, are not all the essentials we require. Clouds, by shutting off sunshine and various other natural phenomena, especially fogs, which cut off the violet and blue rays altogether, modify materially the amounts of the chemical action, and, consequently, the life-sustaining energy which various places within the same parallel of latitude may receive, and of which conditions the actual temperature gives no idea, because the heat of a climate depends altogether on another set of rays—the calorific, and not the chemical. For example, the mean annual temperature of Thorsharn, in the Faroe Islands, in 62° 2' N. lat., is 45° 57' Fahr., all but identical with that of Carlisle in 54° 54' N. lat., which is 46° 98' Fahr. And yet nothing can be wider than the difference in the vegetation of the two places, as may be amusingly and instructively illustrated by any of the stereoscopic photographs which may be purchased at the shops. In the views of gentlemen's seats round Carlisle, the luxuriance of the foliage is strikingly in contrast with the barren, sterile, rocky scenery of the Faroes.

A new branch of research on this subject has been inaugurated by Professor Kirchoff in Germany, and Professor Roscoe in England, their aim being to obtain an easy and exact measurement of the chemical action effected by the total sunlight, and diffuse light at any point on the earth's surface under the most varying conditions of situation, climate, and state of atmosphere. The mode of measurement they propose is a comparison with a registered tint of photographic paper. Before such a standard could be adopted, it was necessary to know how to obtain photographic paper of a constant sensitiveness, and what relation exists between the degree of tint produced and the time of action and intensity of the light producing such a tint. Now, experiment has proved that by adhering to a prescribed mode of preparation a standard paper coated with chloride of silver can at all times be obtained, possessing a degree of sensitiveness sufficiently constant for the purposes of practical measurement; and it is also proved that a constant degree of tint was produced on the standard paper by a constant quantity of light, the tint being the same whether the

light of the intensity 1 acted for the time 50, or light of the intensity 50 acted for the time 1. To measure the chemical action of light, then, we have simply to measure the time necessary to produce a given tint on standard paper—the intensity of light which produces this normal tint in the unit of time being taken as the unit of chemical intensity. Thus, if two units of time are needed to effect the same amount of blackening, the intensity of the chemical action is one-half; if it be produced in half the unit of time, the intensity is 2, and so on.

To obtain the standard, a strip of photographic paper is put into the slit of a pendulum photometer, and as the pendulum swings backwards and forwards the different portions of the strip are exposed for a longer or shorter period, according to their position and the opening and closing of the slit-cover; and thus a gradually diminishing scale of tint, from the faintest to the darkest, is obtained on the same paper. A scale of degrees is ruled in the usual manner in immersing the paper in the usual manner in hyposulphite of soda. To obtain an observation, it is simply necessary to expose the observation-strip to the action of light in one of the small portable instruments which have already been manufactured for the purpose, and to measure by the pendulum the unit of time; the resulting tint being directly compared with the standard scale, and the degree of coloration with which it agrees being read off from the index-scale.

A difficulty comes in the way of actual comparison in the presence of colour. If one paper be of a reddish, the other of a bluish tint, we cannot in the open daylight compare with exactness. Moreover, there is one more difficulty in the exposure to light which injures the observation-strip by darkening it, unless the tint be fixed by immersion in the bath. Monochromatic light, however, relieves us from these troubles, and viewed by a soda-flame we can compare intensities of tint with the greatest precision.

Professor Roscoe has made some practical observations by these means at Manchester, and the diagrammatic curves of the variations of chemical intensity are very curious. Of two examples—the first on the 19th December, 1861—the curve commences between 9 and 10 o'clock in the winter's morning, slightly rising to about 0·02 of intensity at noon, between which and 1 o'clock it rises to a maximum point of 0·04 at half-past 12, having returned at the latter hour nearly to the same level as at noon, and thence descending gradually to *nil* at 3 P.M. The second, on 30th July, 1862, begins with sunrise at 7 A.M., ascends briskly until 8 A.M. to 0·08, remaining stationary by the intervention of cloud until 9 A.M., when it rises rapidly until half-past 10 up to an intensity of 0·20. Clouds again intervening, it makes a straight descent to the level of 0·08, which it maintains until 11 A.M., between which hour and noon it again makes a rapid ascent to 0·28, attaining a maximum elevation of about 0·29 at half-past 12. Thence it descends rapidly until half-past 1 to 0·14, finally continuing its descent by jerks and falls until its termination at sunset about 7 P.M. A third example on the 15th inst. shows still greater fluctuations in the middle of the day from cloud action. The primary morning ascent and evening ascent are normal conditions, both occurring in a clear, equally with a cloudy sky, only in greater or less degree in accordance with the season and amount of sunshine.

Without going further into details, we may point out how much loss of chemical action even local vapours may cause, and how far with a certain knowledge of the conditions of the invisible forces with which we have to deal it is possible by practical operations to effect ameliorations and benefits, which, without such knowledge, could only be attained by mere chance or accident.

But, having obtained a means of observation, inquisitive man is not likely to rest satisfied with one class of observations only. The examination of the sun's beams naturally suggests the examination of the glorious orb itself. The chemical brightness or intensity of various points on the sun's surface turns out to be very different. The central portion is from three to five times as bright as portions near the edge of its disc. In an observation made on the 9th of this month, the brightness of the centre being 100·0, the relative intensities of other portions were—at fifteen degrees respectively from the north pole 38·8, south pole 58·1, equator 48·4; at the edge of the disc north pole 18·7, south pole 28·2, equator 30·2. The chemical brightness of the photographic picture of the sun, however, varies most irregularly, light and dark patches often, of large size, occurring all over the surface, and giving an appearance of coarse mottling, very different from the ordinary visible mottling.

Thus in several of the pictures which have been taken, a light patch about the $\frac{1}{20}$ th part of the total area was seen, the chemical brightness of which being taken as 100, that of the immediately surrounding parts was 118. As these coarse mottled appearances are not due to irregularities in the photographic paper or in the lenses of the camera, they probably arise from clouds in the sun's atmosphere and may be intimately connected with the red prominences seen in total solar eclipses.

So far then in our first efforts to take stock of sunshine, we have perceived the value of the attempt; and the marked attention given to Professor Roscoe's lecture on this topic last week at the Royal Institution can but encourage him to further essays, and induce others to follow in the same path.

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

Up the Nile is an excursion which European travellers have long been wishing to make. For three thousand years the sources of

the Nile have been a mystery to the civilized world; and since the days of Ptolemy all that has been said about them has been by hearsay or surmise. So insoluble did the ancients consider the problem, that we find the subject seized upon as a proverb for a fruitless labour—"Nili caput querere." Two adventurous Englishmen have solved the mystery which Ammianus pretended to foretell would remain one to all posterity—not, however, by going up the Nile, but by coming down it. From Alexandria the Nile winds a tedious course of some 2,000 miles, and at Khartum a fork in the stream occurs, one branch, the Blue Nile, going into Abyssinia, where its sources were traced and determined only a few years since; the other, the White Nile, going, according to the ancients, towards the "Mountains of the Moon." Herodotus and Ptolemy speak of it as rising on the other side of the Equator from two lakes, the one to the west and the other to the East, which receive the melted snows of the mountains so-called. Philostratus also remarks that the Ethiopians were possessed of its springs and the Egyptians of its mouth; statements which, though not strictly accurate, are not very wide of the truth. When modern explorations showed the probability of the White Nile having its origin in Lake Nyanza or in Lake Tanganyika, there seemed much more possibility of solving the long unanswered question by crossing the comparatively short tract of country, some 400 miles across in a direct line, from the east coast of Africa to Lake Nyanza, and descending by or tracking down any large rivers issuing from that lake. This attempt was made, in the years 1857-9, by Captains Burton and Speke, who then reached Ujiji on the Tanganyika, and on returning to Unyanyembe, or more properly Kazeh, struck out in another direction, viz., northerly, and attained Muanza on the Lake Nyanza.

Subsequently, Speke and Grant made a second attempt. Calling at the Cape of Good Hope in 1860, on their way to the eastern coast, they landed at Zanzibar and commenced the expedition they have brought to so successful a result.

Pursuing the former route of Burton and Speke, the two travellers were at Kazeh in July, 1861, after which, for a period of eighteen months, all tidings of them were lost, until the 27th of March of the present year, when from Khartum they despatched the laconic message which the telegraphic wires flashed us, "The Nile is settled."

In the interval which had elapsed they had journeyed round the west side of Lake Nyanza, and had found at its opposite, or north end, and close on the line of the Equator, a large river flowing from the lake, which they then followed down into the region of Gondokoro, as far as the fifth parallel of N. latitude, up to which point the Nile had already been traced by former travellers proceeding in the opposite direction, from Alexandria.

From Gondokoro, after meeting Baker on the 23rd February, 1863, they descended by the usual route. Here also they fell in with Consul Petherick, who had been despatched in 1861, with funds from the Geographical Society, to search for and carry aid to the two unheard-of travellers. Petherick, as is known, was erroneously reported drowned at Abakuku, on the river Nile, midway between the fifth and tenth parallels of N. latitude.

We have now subsequent intelligence of his route in a S.S.W. direction to the River Itiey, or Djour, Jambara country; but how he got thence to Gondokoro, we have yet to learn.

From the communications received since the telegraphic message referred to, Sir Roderick Murchison gave a long and most interesting account of the exploration in his anniversary address on Monday last, as President of the Geographical Society. The final result of the adventures of Captains Speke and Grant may be summed up in few words—the White Nile has its source in the great fresh-water lake, Victoria Nyanza, and mainly descends to Gondokoro and thence to Khartum into Egypt.

The summary of the journey and its incidents may be thus briefly given. Convinced by the assertions of the Arabs on his former attempt that the outlet of the lake was far away to the north—for the extent of its water is not less than 150 miles in that direction—Speke regarded the main difficulty of attaining to the knowledge of the fact to be in obtaining the goodwill of Uganda and other powerful chiefs who might otherwise block his way. No serious difficulty was, however, anticipated on this score; and the two travellers left the east coast on the 1st of October, 1860, at a rather inauspicious period of drought, whilst the native tribes were mostly at war, the result being that they only reached Kazeh after great delays and anxiety, and consequent illness. On the 30th September, 1861, the travellers were again on the advance. A break occurs here in the President's narrative, caused by the absence of the first series of the travellers' papers, which, however, are now received at the Geological Society. The papers which had reached when Sir Roderick delivered his address commence with the 1st January, 1862, and are dated from the capital of a kingdom called Karagwé, abutting against the west shore of Nyanza, at its southern end, the intelligent King of which country forwarded Speke with friendly recommendations to the King of Uganda. Karagwé occupies a shoulder of the watershed of a territory 200 miles broad, and is some 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is studded with detached conical hills, one at least of which attains a height of 10,000 feet. These are the *Montes Lunæ* of Burton and Speke. The sources of the Nile occur in this locality. The parent stream of the Nile bounds Uganda on the east as it issues from the middle of the northern boundary of the lake, with a current a hundred and fifty yards wide leaping over a fall of twelve feet. Numerous other outlets from the lake converge

on the Nile and feed it for a distance of a hundred and fifty miles of its course. Notwithstanding Speke gives the negroes of Uganda the character of "the French" of those parts, he was detained, hospitably it is true, as a sort of state prisoner for five months before he was passed on to the next kingdom, Ungoro.

Hitherto he had had no trouble on account of interpreters, one single language being more or less understood by the people of the countries he had passed through; now, however, that difficulty commenced. He found, too, the inhabitants more barbarous, some living in absolute nudity. Here, again, the travellers experienced much annoyance by the procrastination of the King Kaunasi. Tracked for two degrees north of the lake, the river was found to make a great bend to pass through Luta Nzigé, and Speke had to travel along the chord of the bend, a distance of seventy miles, striking it again at De Bono's ivory station in latitude 3° 45', a few marches from Gondokoro. A difference of level of a thousand feet in the bed of the river, before and after the bend, shows a possibility that the old traditions of foaming cataracts on the Nile may yet be realized in this interval.

The great practical object in exploring the Nile is to ascertain the practicability of a water communication for commerce with the interior, and the friendly or adverse disposition of the native tribes towards traders. On this point, of the three kingdoms he passed through during his year of semi-captivity, Speke gives the preference to Karagwé Mtesa, the sovereign being an amiable youth surrounded by wives and delighting in field-sports. The rule of the Court, however, requiring the execution of one man daily for the good of the State, diminishes our respect for it; while something of abhorrence is excited by the description of the monarch of the northernmost of these countries, who is reported as a morose, churlish creature, whose time is divided between fattening his wives and children till they cannot stand, and practising witchcraft.

To their numerous presents, and to the desires of the chiefs to open a traffic with the whites, there is little doubt our travellers owe their safety and their escape from these regions.

As Captains Grant and Speke are now on their way to England, we shall shortly hear from their own lips a fuller account of the countries they have penetrated, of their resources, and the possibility and prospects of a trade with those races, whose condition can only be ameliorated by commerce, and extensive connexion with civilized nations. In this light the deeds of Grant and Speke are glorious accomplishments.

LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, 1ST JUNE, 1863.

ARCHITECTS—At 8 P.M.

ASIATIC—At 3 P.M.

ENTOMOLOGICAL—At 7 P.M.

GEOLOGISTS' ASSOCIATION—At 7 P.M.

TUESDAY, 2ND JUNE.

CIVIL ENGINEERS—At 9 P.M. The President's Annual Conversazione.

ETHNOLOGICAL—At 8 P.M. "On the Institution and Formation of the Caste System in India, Aryan Polity." By Professor Tagore.

PHOTOGRAPHIC—At 8 P.M.

ARCHITECTS—At 8 P.M. "On the Picturesque in Architecture." By the Rev. J. L. Petit.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. Professor Tyndall, "On Sound."

WEDNESDAY, 3RD JUNE.

GEOLOGICAL—At 8 P.M. 1. "On the Relations of the Sandstones of Cromarty with Reptilian Footprints." By the Rev. George Gordon and the Rev. J. M. Joass. With an Introduction by Sir R. I. Murchison. 2. "On the Section at Moulin-Quignon, and on the peculiar character of some of the Flint Implements found there." By J. Prestwich, Esq., F.R.S. 3. "On some Tertiary Shells from Jamaica." By J. Carrick Moore, Esq., F.R.S. With a Note on the Corals, by P. Martin Duncan, M.B. 4. "Description of a new Fossil Thecidium from the Miocene Beds of Malta." By J. Denis Macdonald, Esq., F.R.S.

THURSDAY, 4TH JUNE.

ROYAL SOCIETY—At 4 P.M. (Election of Fellows.)

ANTIQUARIES—At 8½ P.M.

LINNAEAN—At 8 P.M. 1. "On a Sexual Monstrosity in the Genus *Passiflora*." By S. J. Salter, Esq. 2. "On the Fertilization of *Disa grandiflora*." By R. Trimen, Esq.

CHEMICAL—At 8 P.M. "Synthetic Methods in Organic Chemistry." By M. Marcellin Berthelot.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On Geology." By Professor Ansted.

FRIDAY, 5TH JUNE.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 8 P.M. "On the Forms of the Stratified Alps of Savoy." By John Ruskin, Esq.

ARCHEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE—At 4 P.M.

PHILOLOGICAL—At 8 P.M. "On the Expediency or Inexpediency of cultivating the Vernacular Keltic Languages at present existing in the British Isles." By the Rev. G. C. Geldart.

SATURDAY, 6TH JUNE.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On Electric Telegraphy." By Professor William Thomson.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Ainsworth's (W. H.) *The Lord Mayor of London*. Cheap edition. Crown Svo., cloth, 5s.

Alexander's (D. A.) *Evidences of Christianity*. 18mo., cloth, 1s.

Alford's (Dean) *Greek Testament*. Vol. I. Fifth edition. 8vo., cl., 28s.

Apostle (The) of the Alps: a Tale. Fcap., cloth, 2s. 6d.

Biggs' (F. W.) *The Two Testimonies*. Crown Svo., cloth, 3s.

Bohn's Standard Library.—*Michellet's (J.) History of the Roman Republic*. Crown Svo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Bland's Latin Hexameters, *Vocabulary to, by a Harrow Tutor*. 12mo., half-bound, 2s.

Brooks' (Rev. G.) *500 Plans of Sermons*. Crown Svo., cloth, 4s. 6d.

Buchheim's (A.) *French Reader*. Third edition. 12mo., cl., 1s. 6d.

Buckland's (F.) *Fish Hatching*. Crown Svo., cloth, 5s.

Caird's (Rev. Dr. John) *Sermons*. New edition. Fcap., cloth, 5s.

Carey's (Col.) *Narrative of the late War in New Zealand*. Crown Svo., cloth, 6s.

— (M. L.) *Four Months in a Dahabéh*. Svo., cloth, 15s.

Cassell's Family Bible. Vol. IV. 4to., cloth, 7s. 6d.

Chaffers' (W.) *Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain*. Svo., cloth, 12s.

Chambers's Handy Guide to Paris. Fcap., sewed, 1s.

— Household Shakespeare. Vol. IX. Fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.

— Sixth Standard Reader. 12mo., cloth, 2s.

Coghlan's Illustrated Guide to the Rhine. New edition. Fcap., cloth, 2s. 6d.

Cooper's (J. F.) *The Headsman*. Cheap edition. Fcap., sewed, 1s.

Cunningham's (Dr. W.) *Discourses on Church Principles*. Svo., cloth, 10s. 6d.

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— *Smaller Greek Grammar*. Crown Svo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Davy's (Dr. J.) *Physiological Researches*. Svo., cloth, 15s.

Disraeli's (B.) *The Literary Character*. New edition. Crown Svo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Dragon's Teeth, by Rev. J. Pycroft. 2 vols. Post Svo., cloth, 21s.

Duke's (The) *Motto*, by Paul Feval. Fcap., boards, 2s.

Eulogium Chronicon ab Orbe Condito, &c. Edited by F. S. Hayden. Vol. III. Royal Svo., half-bound, 10s.

Ferrall's (J. S.) *Danish-English Dictionary*. Square, cloth, 14s.

Fleming's (G.) *Travels in Mantchu Tartary*. Royal Svo., cloth, 42s.

Gibson's (W. S.) *Miscellanies: Historical and Biographical*. Svo., cloth, 10s.

Giulio Malatesta. By T. A. Trollope. 3 vols. Post Svo., cl., 31s. 6d.

Hanna's (Rev. W.) *The Last Day of Our Lord's Passion*. New edition. Fcap., cloth, 5s.

Hawkins's (J.) *Physical, Moral, and Intellectual Constitution of the Deaf and Dumb*. Crown Svo., cloth, 3s.

Household Proverbs for Men. Fcap., boards, 1s.

for Every One. Fcap., boards, 1s.

James's (G. P. R.) *Darnley*. Cheap edition. Fcap., sewed, 1s.

King's (The) *Mail*. By H. Holl. 3 vols. Post Svo., 31s. 6d.

Kingston's (W. H. G.) *The Albatross*. Cheap edition. Fcap., sd., 1s.

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